



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have a good friend, rector of a popular church not a hundred miles from Toronto, who is one of the biggest, heartiest and widest-minded men in my acquaintance. Some time ago in order to furnish an opportunity for an ambitious soloist, he consented to have her sing in his church. The faces she made and the sounds she produced were something dreadful. For a moment my friend was quite paralyzed by the result of his good nature, then he arose and announced as the succeeding hymn one which began with these suggestive words, "Great God, what wondrous things we see and hear." The audience, without laughter or any special demonstration, appreciated the appropriateness of his selection and did all their laughing after they went home.

There is an old saying, "What funny things we see when we haven't got a gun." Like my friend the rector we also hear funny things, and traveling for many days in a sleeping-car is the place to hear interesting dialogues which are not expected to be published. They were in the next berth to us, not long married, for they evidently misunderstood one another. Somehow, when she wanted to talk he wanted to read, and when she wanted to read he wanted to talk. Going down through Texas a great many varieties of cactus presented themselves, where the few live oaks in occasional groves, near the streams, were about the only things worth seeing. He endeavored to point out the different sorts and was willing to explain the difference between them. She apparently had no interest in the cactus family. While she was reading it was his habit to cry out, "Look here, Fannie, there is a new kind of cactus." By the time she turned her attention to it we were far past the vagrant growth. He seemed to watch for cactus, and demanded that his spouse should do so as well as himself. When we heard "Look here, Fannie," we always expected something, but it was not long before Fannie settled down to her book and never looked. He became disgusted and indignant, and when tired of drawing her attention to things she wouldn't look at he finally contented himself with occasionally ejaculating, "Now, there is a new kind of cactus, but I suppose you came out here to read the Duchess. Don't care for cactus." She continued to read the Duchess; he continued to watch the cactus. As we were passing a specially fine collection of this Texan production he called out excitedly, "Say, Fannie, look at this cactus!" She still read the Duchess and never raised her eyes. Then in a rage he roared, "Say, Fannie, why in hell won't you look at the cactus?" She gave him a reproachful look and resumed her reading. Where the road branched off from the International and Great Northern he endeavored to find out which way she wanted to go, whether towards California or via Laredo to Mexico. Fannie wouldn't say; in fact, Fannie was mad. We had half an hour to wait. They stood on the platform and argued. Finally Fannie got sullen and stubborn. Her husband offered to go either way but Fannie would make no manifestation of her desire. He begged her to say which way he should buy the tickets, for he seemed to have lots of money and had apparently come out to enjoy himself by going where they pleased. As train time drew near he became more persuasive; he coaxed, scolded, swore, but Fannie wouldn't say. The train for the west came in; he begged her to announce her decision. She remained sullen and silent. When our train went out we left them standing on the platform. He had hold of her arm trying to get her to get aboard, but Fannie was a stayer. We went away and left them, he with face red and angry, she perfectly calm, sullen and immovable. Where they went or what became of them nobody ever knew, but it became a by-word amongst the passengers, "Fannie, look at the cactus!" "Fannie, see the bridge!" "Fannie, why the devil won't you look at the cactus?" Such are the funny things you see when you haven't a gun, yet we wonder at the increase of crime, and how it is people can't live together.

Talking about the kind of people one sees, I have a vivid recollection of a poet who was impressed with the vigor and appropriateness of the things he wrote. For five hundred miles he recited fragments of his poetry, wrote down paragraphs of it interspersed with descriptions of the magnificent ranches he managed. My friend, the Q. C., was innocent enough to leave the train and visit with him a couple of days. The fare was dreadful, the ranch a vast waste of cactus plains, the poet himself the last man who should be given charge of a commercial enterprise. He is publishing a book. He recited about two hundred pages to us. If he is a worse ranchman than he is a poet, disaster waits upon his company.

Then again we had neighbors whose five-year-old baby ran the party. There never was the smallest decimal of an hour that she didn't want something, a glass of milk, an orange, some candles, a picture book, etc., all of which she got. The mother and father divided their time in nursing her, coaxing her to keep quiet, getting tired, spanking her, making her sit down, opening the window and shutting it, letting her go through the baggage, refusing to let her go through the baggage, pointing out the interesting features in the scenery, trying to get her to sleep—it was a continuous misery. We had ten hours of it. One good spanking would have settled the whole business and she

would have been a neighborly and orderly child. She got twenty shakes, quite as many slaps, cost her parents five dollars, and was an unspeakable nuisance to everybody in the car. And yet this outfit was the successor of Fannie and her miserable husband. If an old bachelor had been in "No. 6" he would have sworn that his sense in remaining unmarried deserved a diploma.

I would much rather hear a sermon than read it. A sermon preached by an earnest man as it comes warm from his heart, is as much different from the same sermon read from cold type as hot tea is from cold dish water. A smart sermon preached by a smart preacher may be so adorned by rhetorical and elocutionary frills that the listener who is not deeply

of song and prayer are lost, and one wonders how even a sensational preacher can permit such silly and ineffectual things to get into print with his name at the head of the column, to lure the unwary into contact with that which is neither edifying nor readable.

We are not told what the adherents of the soul-sleeping idea believe. The passages quoted have nothing to do with the argument. Meaningless comparisons are made, random quotations presented, and a general effort made to show that spirits can exist outside of the body. But what has that to do with soul-sleeping? In one of his quotations where reference is made to II. Cor. iv., 18, it is said the things which are not seen are eternal. The speaker says, "You see my body, you see

dying? You see the body, you see life being gradually withdrawn; you do not see the body that is unfettering itself, freeing itself from this house of clay; no; it is the real man and is not seen by these fleshy eyes." Now all this may be true, yet Dr. Wild cannot properly make any affirmation as he has had no experience his congregation has not had. The majority of the creeds insist that the very body which dies with its bones, etc., must rise again and connect the physical with the spiritual resurrection in a way which makes the separation of the spirit and body entirely unintelligible. I certainly believe that a spirit can exist outside of the body, as I can also believe that the body can exist without the spirit, as in the case of an idiot. Yet my belief does not establish the separate existence

to their friends at the funeral. Nobody disputes this, yet what does it prove? Nothing but that they weren't dead. It does not prove that they were specially alive spiritually, but the fact that decomposition had not set in makes it plain that they were not dead physically, and one might as well take the example of a well person as that of one who was supposed to be dead, but wasn't. In the first place, bodies do not necessarily decompose when all intelligence, motion, resistance, leaves them. The spirit may be there still. We can't tell. Dr. Wild would not allege that a subject who becomes an imbecile, knowing no more and doing nothing better than a brute, is still the tenement of an immortal spirit that may have been purified by beautiful living and orthodox views prior to an accident which had made the surviving relic the most ignoble fragment of animated nature.

If, then, the body can exist without the spirit, and if, as everyone admits who believes in the probability of immortality, the spirit can exist without the body, of what advantage are the incidents he quotes? The body may die and the spirit live. The spirit may go away or die, we cannot tell, and the body may live. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." It remains then but a question as to how we obtain a share in Christ and His sacrifice, a question which is easily answered.

Dr. Wild says in his comparisons of the "effects and relations of the two Adams to the human race," that "by the fall of Adam we, unconditionally on our part, lost several blessings; let us admit for argument's sake that eternal life was one of the blessings we lost. Now through the second Adam—Christ—is it not reasonable to suppose that we have these unconditional losses restored to us? . . . It seems to me that the blessings restored in Christ are more than we lost in Adam." In such an argument as this we have to let Dr. Wild argue it out with the author of Corinthians, and further on to engage in combat with himself when he asserts that under the old dispensation the chosen people shared in the sacrifice of Christ which had not been made. I would like to inquire where in the Old Testament the people were taught the doctrine of immortality, or why Job, when he looked upon the face of his dead, and in his anguish asked the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" received no answer, nothing more definite than the poetic utterances of the prophets and psalmists, utterances so indefinite that when the Christ himself came preaching the possibility of an endless and glorious life, the chosen people failed to understand him.

It is very well to ridicule the Sadducees and to point out the arguments they had with the believers in unconditional immortality. It is also very easy to laud the Pharisees who confessed the resurrection, but if the doctor would follow the conduct of the Pharisees, he would find them more opposed to Christ than the other sect, both of whom were of the "chosen people." When did the Pharisees become so excellent an example, so wise in doctrine, so unerring in teaching?

Dr. Wild asserts, "The heathens are provided for by a law peculiar to themselves as related in Romans ii. 12. Children being unconditionally condemned in the first Adam are unconditionally saved in the second Adam. Christ says that a child cannot be lost." Archbishop Wild differs with the creed-makers in the respect that a child cannot be lost. If not, why does he baptize infants? Is it to save them from smallpox, or the devil? How can he say that children were unconditionally condemned in the first Adam? How can any man have the heart to believe that every baby before the birth of Christ had to be damned? And his assertion means this if it means anything. It is as unreasonable as it is brutal. If children were unconditionally damned through the Jewish dispensation, who can wonder at the slaughter of the innocents, the physical death inflicted by a tyrant king on the babies of his kingdom?

I am not attempting to disprove the incoherent assertions of Dr. Wild, but to simply point out that he has preached a sermon in which he has proved nothing, one by which he must have increased the perplexity of every listening mind, nor does he make his position clearer or the mental struggle of his hearers less difficult when he tells us that "not above one in ten ministers or members of the Christian church believe in the doctrine of annihilation or soul-sleep." He endeavors at the conclusion of his sermon to prove by majority rule that which he has been unable to prove by scripture. Supposing only one man believes it, supposing that not more than one in ten believe it, supposing that nine out of ten believe it, does that prove anything? I hate to hear these profound questions argued by men who are either ignorant of the position of those opposed to them, or fail to explain the many arguments which entrench the doctrine which it is sought to controvert. After reading his sermon I have no idea as to what Dr. Wild means by soul-sleep, though by annihilation one can't help gathering the opinion that the holders of such a doctrine believe that the spirit must die with the body, though it may mean that the spirit may die with the body or may die at some future time when it receives the sentence of death. To the student of the Bible it must seem plain that the God who created the spirit can



CHARITY.

In earnest may fail to detect its insincerity, its ornate shallowness. But when we get the worn out effort of a "smart" preacher printed on rough paper in cheap ink, surrounded by patent medicine ads, and bankrupt sales, it is one of those melancholy things which make us sorry that preachers ever preach when they have nothing to say.

Last Sunday night Archbishop Wild held forth in his Bond street cathedral with regard to soul-sleep and annihilation, his text, Hebrews xii. and a slab of the 23rd verse. I speak of it as a slab, as the use he made of it was as unjustifiable as if he had pretended that the piece of bark he took from the tree was the tree itself. Those who occasionally drop in to hear the advance agent of the Lost Tribes could very well go away and forget, amidst the enthusiasm and the novelty, the many absurdities and contradictory things they had heard, but when his sermon is made the conspicuous feature of a sensational paper, it is a different matter. When we read fragments of the scriptures as they are mixed in with rubbish, the solemn tones of the organ and the softening influence

something that is temporal, something that will dissolve, something that in a few hundred years will be mingled with the dust of this earth; but the spirit that is in this house of clay you do not see; it is therefore eternal, and will live through that change called death." Now those who looked at Dr. Wild would see a very faultless suit of black, a set of very fine whiskers, and an intelligent and pleasing face, but they couldn't see his liver. But that does not prove that his liver "is therefore eternal and will live through that change called death." True, if he were cut open that organ might be found, and I hope for his sake in good order, and yet the spirit would not be found. But we could as easily understand how the spirit did its work as how the liver fulfilled the tasks assigned to it. Such an argument as this seems puerile, and yet such premises are much more tenable than those he occupied, not that his doctrine depends upon the random quotations he made, but that apparently he either lacked time or industry in hunting up proper authorities.

He asks, "What do you see when a person is

of body and spirit, for how do I know that the body of an idiot ever had a spirit or that any tenement of clay which has been deserted by life ever had a spirit? I may cite scriptural passages, and then the proof depends upon the belief of the hearer in the scripture itself, but should I preach and fail in adducing scriptural proof, I would indeed fail altogether as Dr. Wild did. It is not sufficient to read a few passages which deal with spirit life or with the life of man under the old covenant. It is as necessary to be convincing and coherent in the pulpit as anywhere else.

The doctor gives some interesting examples intended to prove that the spirit can exist even in this world, in the body, independent of its functions. He tells us of people who have lain in a trance, their bodies refusing to decompose, and their physical powers as alert as ever even to the hearing of conversation and the seeing of sights, as if they had been able to speak. He even goes so far as to allege that they have raised a disturbance in their coffin when being lowered into the grave, and in several instances have barely escaped burial by speaking

destroy it, and Dr. Wild has not shown that if the spirit so lives as to meet at the judgment day a Creator who disapproves of its past life and present condition, that he cannot condemn it to death. Indeed, it seems more within the reach of human reason—reason which should be always bounded and influenced by the best impulses of the heart, thereby disillling that rare quality, mercy—that death rather than torture should be the fate of those unfit to live. It should be agony enough to every soul fit to survive that there is a possibility that by reason of misdeeds we may not survive. It is almost immaterial to the soul which is to live forever, whether it sleeps a few hundred years before judgment day or finds its judgment day when life forsakes its earthly tenement. Altogether it seems less important—except as the idea of eternal torture may teach us to hate orthodox religion—whether the soul may be annihilated or not, whether it may sleep for a few centuries or not. The main point seems to be the one chiefly forgotten by pulpits of all sorts, whether each one of us is doing our share on this earth to make souls fit to live, and by kindness and truth helping mortals to die so that they may fear neither sleep nor a sudden bursting into the presence of the God that made them.

Last Sunday afternoon when I was talking with one of the cleverest women in this city and undoubtedly one of the best Sunday school teachers, she told me that she had just been trying to teach her class, which, by the way, is quite a youthful one, something in regard to the prayer of the Pharisee. She is one of those vivacious women who are so thoroughly in earnest that they can never be content without illustrating the point they desire to make plain. She admitted that she leaned up against the organ and showed them how the ordinary Pharisee prays, and I asked her how it seemed to illustrate the point they desire to make plain. She said that every bone in her body ached before she could get them to see the point. I remarked that it was probably because they had seen so much of that sort of thing that they accepted it as the regulation tone and posture. She is very orthodox and answered me by asking "Where?" "At church." "Come now," she said, "you are too hard on preachers. There is nobody on earth I pity so much"—then after a pause—"except it be the preacher's wife."

Did you ever see anybody who envied the preacher's wife? I never did. Yet why should she be the object of general commiseration? Is she not the partner and better half of one who is the spiritual leader of a large number of people? He is looked up to, or expects to be, as the wisest and best of his sex. He tells people how to act in order to go to heaven, and what to do in order to escape the other place. He tells us how to live on earth so as to produce the best fruits of righteousness, and admonishes us on the evils of those dissipation which are supposed to be the torments of a wife and the ruin of a home. Knowing these things so well and being forced to at least seem to practice what he preaches, why should not the preacher's wife have the most desirable situation in the whole domain of matrimony? Yet everybody knows she hasn't. Her chief mission seems to be to have babies and trouble, donation parties and seedy gowns, a headache, a heartache, and an old-fashioned bonnet. Why is it? Are people so good to their pastor that they must take revenge on his wife? If she laughs too frequently or too loud she is frivolous, and scandalizes the church. If she doesn't laugh at all she is sour, and to use a phrase I have often heard quoted, "counteracts the beautiful influence of her husband." If she dresses poorly the wives of the elect allege that her attire is a continual reproach because of the smallness of her husband's salary. If she wears anything new they shake their heads and say that his reverence is getting too much or his wife wouldn't try to lead the fashions in the church. If her husband is friendly with his lady parishioners they wonder how she likes it, and remark that she hasn't spirit enough to resent anything. If he is distant it is generally remarked that she is jealous and he is afraid to look at any other woman. Taken altogether, she suffers through the poverty of his early circuits, endures the reproach of the days when he hasn't to go hungry, and is made to feel most keenly the years of prosperity when he gets enough to live upon. Altogether it is probably the most disagreeable position a woman could occupy, and is a faithful rebuke to religious people everywhere and in every denomination. The general idea that the meek wife isn't cared for half so much as some woman in the congregation who demands a great deal of attention, suggests what I believe in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand is absolutely false, that the preacher is not thoroughly a gentleman. That she is considered unhappy under any and every circumstance, suggests the idea that the preacher reserves his religion for his pulpit and parish, and is forgetful of his home. I don't know what it is, I can't pretend to explain it, yet the fact remains that the world is sorry for the preacher's wife, and individuals are not very apt to try to make it any more pleasant.

The discussion as to whether Great Britain will coerce Newfoundland, seems to me essentially foolish. It is long since the mother country interfered with the self-government of her colonies, nor is past experience such as to suggest the hope that she could be successful. There is no great faith in the absolute wisdom of Downing street, but there is too much history, too many precedents, too much present danger in such an experiment for anyone to imagine for a moment that it will be made. It is quite on a par with the fool-suggestion that regular troops will be sent to Canada to subdue by their presence the annexationists. No one but an utter ass would make such a proposition. In the first place it is not necessary—Canada can attend to her own troubles. In the second, it would have exactly the contrary effect to the one designed. If anybody in this country esteemed himself oppressed or repressed by a red-coat, he would be more successful as an agitator, no matter how lowly his position, than

Sir Richard Cartwright himself. There is, however, in these foolish suggestions, an intimation that the colonial crisis is near at hand, that the colonies in the Orient as well as those on this western hemisphere have been able to impress the fact upon the home government that Imperial countenance and some share in an Imperial council must be given them, or every year they will drift further from what our people still affectionately call "home interests." In other words our recent agitations both in Australia and North America are bringing us nearer to Imperial Federation.

Such Pecksniffian indulgences as the Canadian press have been guilty of with regard to the New Orleans trouble, do more harm than good. As a correspondent of one of the local papers has pointed out, we have had Lynch law in our own country. Two farmers "fought it out" the other day, and considering the absence of temptation, we are not so irreproachable as might be imagined. In England the tide has already turned and correspondents are pointing out that in Sicily itself the Mafia were shot down like dogs in their native land. The idea that Italians in Canada and the various states of the Union south of us are likely to organize for a raid upon New Orleans, is absurdly grotesque, and I wonder that so patriotic an Italian, so pleasant a gentleman as Mr. Michael Basso should entertain or give voice to such a sentiment as the propriety or possibility of such a thing being done. If members of the Mafia Society are outlawed at home, and those killed were admittedly members of it in New Orleans; if the jury was either bribed or intimidated, and nobody seems to controvert this, respectable Italians cannot for a moment consider it an insult to their nationality, but rather the continuance of the crusade of law and order begun in Italy

sueded to invest fifty dollars in a picture thereof, with occasional views of wholesale houses—paid for—and this is supposed to be sufficient to satisfy subscribers who have been galled into paying large sums to become members of a mutual admiration society which will probably consist of a thousand subscribers. Jones pays fifty dollars to have a picture of his house inserted, Smith pays another fifty to have his photograph in its pages, Brown pays fifty to see a picture of his warehouse in print, and so on through a list that may reach a couple of hundred in number; and these people get ten books apiece, in which Smith and Brown and Jones can see the virtues of one another, and then throw it under the bed lest their inordinate vanity may be detected by a neighbor who has had self-respect enough to keep out of the scheme.

This should be enough to disgust the newspaper and commercial public with the greediness of the *Mail*, with its desire to have everything started with which the *Mail* has endeavored to compete in friendly rivalry. Its desire was always to kill its opponent. The *Mail* never esteemed that there was room for anything of a newspaper sort in the town but itself. It has been ceaseless in its slanders with regard to other papers, it has puffed its circulation until people have really believed some of the things it said. In its contest with the *Globe* the latter paper wisely refrained from mixing up with people who are so crooked and devious in their methods. The *Empire* having been pursued by the *Mail* people to an unbearable extent, challenged them to prove four of their assertions. The challenge was refused, the *Mail* adhering to but one of the defamatory things it said. Now the *Empire* has banked all its money on proving that that one is untrue. It

youth. He is of English birth, and first entered railway service on the South Wales Railway, which runs from Gloucester to Milford Haven. He served in various positions on that road, and as superintendent of the South Wales division of the Great Western Railway. He was afterwards general manager and secretary of the South Devon and chief executive officer of the Cornwall and West Cornwall roads, and also of the Great Western, Bristol, Exeter, South Devon and Cornwall Railways. He came to America in 1874, and from that time until his appointment to his present position he held the important offices of vice-president of the Chicago and Grand Trunk; also vice-president and director of companies affiliated to the Grand Trunk system, and traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Such a business career as the above indicates, marked energy and great administrative ability and stamps Mr. Seargeant as a worthy successor of Sir Joseph Hickson in the responsible office of chief executive of the Grand Trunk Railway, to which he succeeded about the first of the present year.

Social and Personal.

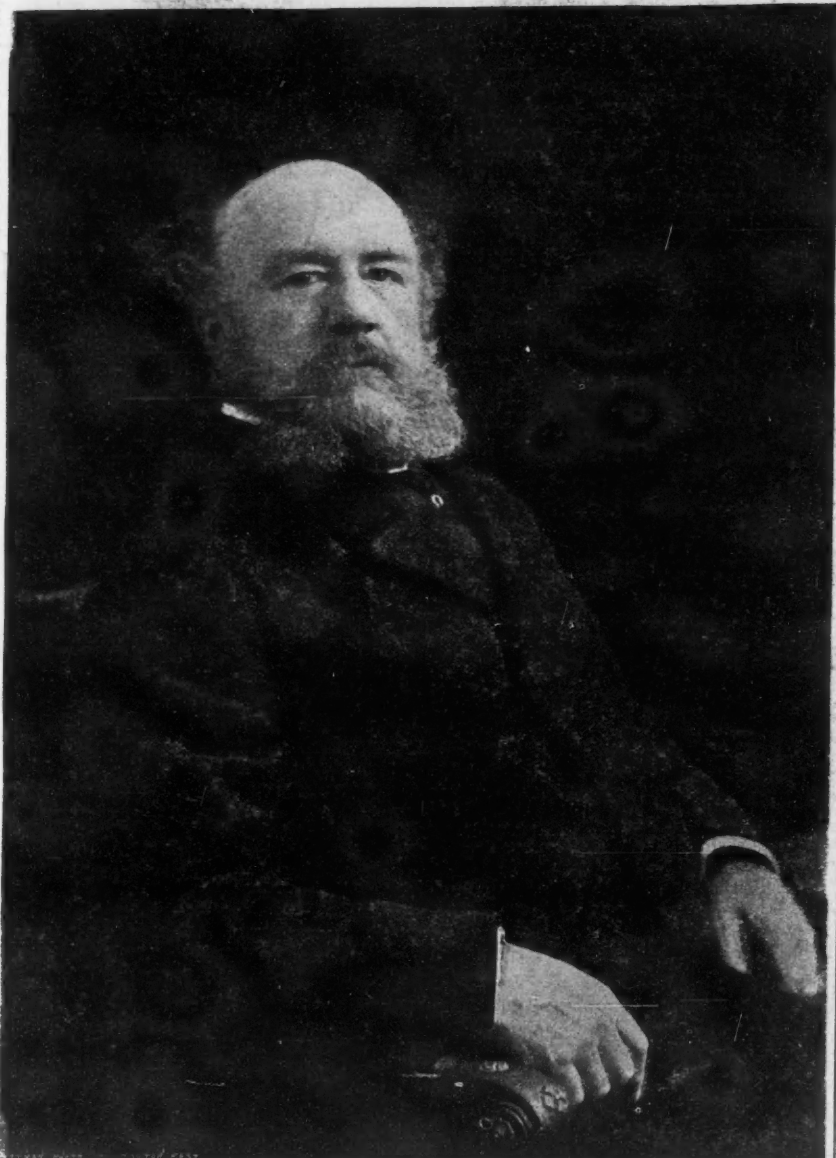
A careful observer makes the following note of a custom resurrected, with a brief comment: Those who frequented the fashionable functions of the season cannot but have observed the gradual reintroduction of the old-time courtesy for drawing-room recognitions. Half the charming girls, when greeting their hostess, pause a few feet away, make a profound inclination of the head, swing their supple bodies a trifle backward, and with a low and stately dip, rise smilingly to grasp the outstretched hand. This revival of the last century form of obeisance seems rather confined to the buds, or very youthful and slender matrons. It is distinctly elegant, and when grace is combined with dignity nothing can be prettier than the courteous courtesy. Of course, stout and plethoric dames are excusable for clinging to conventional methods. A cordial clasp of the hand is quite convincing of one's pleasure in being an honored guest; and, besides all that, we have outgrown cast-iron rules, and have all sorts of individual privileges undreamed of by our grandmothers.

Mrs. James Crowther has issued cards for theatricals on April 8. A theater is being built in the large top flat, and the evening's entertainment promises to be most unique and most enjoyable. The play is *The Coming Woman*, and those taking part are: Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Parsons, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Rutherford.

There has been an entrancing air of mystery about a certain musical club, and the wise members even put their fingers on my lips when I asked for names. Now we shall know more about it, for it has been announced that the Wednesday Musical Club will give an At Home in the Public Hall of the Upper Canada College on Friday, April 3. There will be a programme by the members and then a reception and dance. Many tickets are being sold, and the At Home promises to be well attended. The returns will be devoted to the organ fund for the new Upper Canada College.

Did you ever attend an Easter lunch. Let me tell you of one I saw last year, and perhaps next week you may have one, or be bidden to one yourself. The invitations came on prettily painted Easter eggs and were merely—"Mrs. —, Easter lunch, Easter Monday, at two o'clock." Full of curiosity came the maids and matrons, twelve in number, who were the recipients of those Easter eggs. We sat down thirteen to table and we are all still alive—though one should not be too sure we'll all be in the same condition by Monday next. Our gracious hostess is rather pronounced in her hatred of superstition, and besides, as she solemnly informed us—thirteen eggs is the proper number for a "setting"—and that settled it! The dining-room was pretty—soft light fell through buttercup shades on a shining oaken table, spread with long strips of embroidered damask—instead of the orthodox table cloth. In the center was a wonderful floral decoration—exactly the shape of a huge egg cut in half from stem to stern. The yolk of the egg was a mass of gleaming jonquilles, the white was of hyacinths and lilies of the valley. The salts were little halves of silver eggshells—and here and there in the table were little nests of candy straw filled with sugar eggs in every line. Beside every plate was a dainty posy of yellow and white. The first course was Chinese birds-nest soup—very sticky and very queer. (This isn't a cook-book, so I can't tell you just how it is made.) Then there were *entrees*, stewed away in dainty frilled-moulds, with whipped egg snow on the top of them; curried eggs; an enormous poceolan egg, with a lid that lifted up and disclosed tempted roasted fowls; potatoes moulded into eggs, in a nest of real straw; egg plant, fried in egg batter. This sounds very monotonous, but it didn't look or taste so. A salad to dream about, and blanc mange eggs and jelly eggs, and a dainty angel cake, which being cut disclosed a center as yellow as gold, and, "just for old times' sake" (whispered my hostess to me, laughingly recalling old weaknesses), we had egg flip, that true cup which "cheers but not inebriates." And after, cool, delicious ice cream eggs and meringue eggs, and when we bade our pretty hostess and her lunch table good by, she gave to each of us a wonderful German bon-bon box, in shape like a

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L. J. Seargeant, General Manager Grand Trunk Railway.

and finished in Louisiana. It is to be hoped that no more foolish talk will be indulged in. It adds no honor to the brave Italian name, to a name which has been made glorious by the unification of Italy, to a name which now represents as brave soldiers and venturesome sailors as ever defended a father-land.

The *Mail* newspaper once had a prominent, if not honorable, position as one of the party organs in Toronto. Organism is doubtless irksome to those who have an independent mind. It is doubly galling to find party chains holding one fast when disappointed ambition as well as a disappointed party, combine in criticism of the organ grinder. Such was the case when, by an act of base treachery which can never be either forgotten or forgiven in this country, the *Mail* deserted its post, acted as a spy in the camp of its former friends, and behaved as if it were the confederate of its old-time enemies. Commercially, newspapers are generally forgiven if they are successful, but amidst a very scant success and keeping in view an enormous greed, the *Mail* is as much of a horror commercially as it is politically. Its proprietors have seen nothing of a journalistic sort start in Toronto, without endeavoring to compete with and destroy the enterprise. When the *World* began an evening publication, the *Evening News*, at that time a branch of the *Mail*, was launched to oppose both it and the *Telegram*. The *Fireside Weekly* had nicely got under way when the *Mail* launched its *Farm and Fireside*, a penny-ante adjunct of its weekly edition. SATURDAY NIGHT had just realized the possibilities of a purely Saturday journal, when a boiler-plate imitation with a similar name made its appearance, also owned by the *Mail*. The *Mail* worked, and is working, a big book fake, supposed to be illustrative of Toronto, in which men who are vain enough have been persuaded to have their photographs inserted, or if they have houses fine enough have been per-

matters very little to me what the result of the fracas may be. The *Mail* has shown itself a miserable, envious rival to not only the *Empire* but to everything else in the city. If it has a large circulation the gods only know how it got it, for it is so low in public estimation that nothing but cheapness would induce a reader who has not been beguiled by its pretences of Protestantism, its cloak of temperance and its slobberly fairness, into believing that it was independent.

The Brazilians, it is pleasing to note, are discovering the real meaning of the reciprocity treaty negotiated by their provisional government, and are likely to refuse to ratify it. It may seem spiteful to say that their attitude is pleasing, but so many of the Yankee papers began to crow before they were out of the woods that it would be quite too funny to have them left. The treaty was not fair to Brazil. Newspapers, both Republican and Democratic, admitted that they thought they had it secured, one leading and slangy organ alleging that all the "recip." was being done by Brazil. After the whole press having taken a little fling at their big neighbor in South America, and when Yankee smartness had congratulated itself until it was unpeppably happy, as the ladies say it would be "just too cunning" to have Brazil repudiate the whole thing. At any rate their jollity is very much dampened, but when most effusive it is but a trifle to the congratulations which would have been indulged in had Canada been the victim of their sharp practices. DON.

Lewis James Seargeant.

SATURDAY NIGHT presents this week a portrait of the recently appointed General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. L. J. Seargeant. He is a man who has had a large amount of experience in railway matters, having been connected with the business from his

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Boudoir Gossip.

"Time makes honored good unsmooth."—Tennyson.

Of course it does. There are many actions and words which, though most exemplary and entirely proper in the long ago are now tabooed. Some of them are justly excluded from the manners and conversation of to-day, but I am much afraid that we are growing too "nice" in our ways of methods. There are good old English words which express thought without vulgarity, but dear me! the over-sensitive miss or madam of to-day would die of blushing if she inadvertently used them, while she awakens the scornful laughter of those about her by her ridiculous employment of inadequate or prevented words. She says—well I am not going to tell what she says. You all know, and you know that she is ridiculous to right-minded people. It is not the woman that is purest at heart who is thus over-nice in her choice of words. The very effort of over-reaching betokens thought of the matter. We would all be pure-hearted, yet let us not deck an unhealthy consciousness with the semblance of a modest mind.

Once upon a time the youths and maidens wrote their heart thoughts on paper with no misgivings. Then some faithless one found trouble awaiting him in the court house and his tender misdeeds the important factor in a law-suit. Man's wickedness and ingenuity entered into league and some worthy brother invented fading ink. It was a most noteworthy discovery for a time, and the confident lover wrote with affectionate fervor—assured that all his erotic sentences would fade away. He kept on writing. She treasured the missives. One day she wanted them, and only their white ghosts were in the treasured pile. That was some time ago. Now she photographs them as they arrive, and flies away their portraits to bind her fickle love to his word. Another discovery for man's protection is much needed.

Two very bright-looking girls were talking in an aimless incoherent fashion of a dozen things at once. The place was a restaurant at mid-day, and as the conglomeration of words was becoming an amusing puzzle, one girl suddenly said, "I've lost my purse."

"Dear me! have you?" enquired the friend, and a search was at once instituted. In pockets, under the tables, and all around everywhere the two looked earnestly. At last the discovery was made. It was in Miss Flighy's muff.

"I can't find anything in that old muff anyway," she grumbled, "it's all rags."

"All rags?" echoed her companion. "Well, if it is—why don't you mend it?"

There was an ice-berg silence for about four and a half seconds, and then Miss Flighy said: "Why, of course, I—I'm going to."

When I go to concerts in churches or halls, where several people sit on one long seat, I feel an almost murderous regard for the man who applauds so vehemently as to move the whole seat. I have watched an enthusiastic man shake a seat full of women till their heads wobbled about like overgrown poppies, and kept time to his erratic movements. He does not mean to. Oh, no! Bless your heart, he doesn't think—that's all. Sometimes his big hands, spread out to expose the largest possible area of clapping material, are almost explosive in their demonstrations of joy and approval. He's usually a whole-souled fellow, but I tell you—with all the candor of a woman—he's a nuisance.

Not long ago I stood at the corner of College street and Spadina avenue waiting for a car. Near me was a tiny girl and a boy of more limited anatomy. They were waiting a chance to cross the street and were carefully allowing all vehicles to get "good and far past, like ma said." While waiting, the small man, with all the bravado of his elder brothers, was telling of the dangers he had passed. "I most got caught with a big team the other day," he was saying, "but I wasn't frightened, an' I jest hustled across." The intonation of the slang word was funny. It meant in this case a wild rush for glory, careless of all happenings, but I'll guarantee that the youngster was frightened almost out of his pretty little galloping shoes.

G. T. R.—You ask me for some innovation at afternoon tea. I think I cannot do better than give you the benefit of the following clipping from the *Illustrated American*: "The charming literary wife of a celebrated New York artist has introduced the prettiest sort of a new wrinkle in the serving of her afternoon tea. When first she handed round the steaming cups, each with a white, flower-like fragment floating on top, her guests were greatly interested over the innovation. Then she explained, and, while adding a slice of lemon and cube of sugar to the fragrant beverage, coached the women present as to how they might go and do likewise. It appears she bought crisp, coarse tarlatan, cut it up in squares of five by five inches, pinned the edges in sharp, deep scallops, and then, putting a small spoonful of Russian caravan tea in the center, tied the leaves into a tiny sack by means of a bit of heavy thread. By ruffling out the loose portions, she obtained a blossomy look for her new-fashioned tea-balls, and not only added immensely to the daintiness of her table and cups but made it possible for each guest to suit his or her particular taste. Some choose to let the tea-balls remain until strength is attained, while those liking a weaker drink soon remove the tarlatan bag."

Last week a poor, smoothly-shod horse was dragging a heavy load of stone along the slippery street. The ice was piled high along the car tracks, and the poor old horse slipped down on his knees in trying to get out of the rut. Two women were watching him, and they moaned out, "Oh, isn't that cruel, just see the poor beast." As I passed them, for they were dawdling along, I heard this loud-voiced remark: "Some one ought to tell her husband, for it's true." Now, did they know it was true, or were they slandering an innocent woman—scorching her fair fame with their heated tongues and boiling up misery for one who did not deserve it?

They may have been in the right; but there

are far more lives ruined through unbridled utterances than through mistaken silence, and I long to know if a person possessing a really humane heart can slander a fellow being.

The Lenten maiden wants:
A new Easter bonnet.
A pair of pearl-gray gloves.
A fine, warm Easter Sunday.

If consciences were only tangible features that one could look at, what a deal we would know about all our neighbors. It seems to me that a good many consciences are warped, the standard which meets their approval fitting in from different heights, with wonderful suitability. With crookedness, blisters and scars most of them are sure to be rather uncreditable to their owners.

Lenten duties, quiet and thought, should have softened them a little, I think, and I trust that the glorious Easter will bring to all my readers a happier, better, more useful life than was the old one, which so many laid aside on Ash Wednesday.

CLIP CAREW.

As We Want 'Em, You Know.

If we only had things as we want 'em, you know, The world wouldn't go so confusedly slow

For there's many a ship,
And there's many a ship,
And there's many a ship,
And a dip,
And a dip.

That makes up quite weary and bleary and blue,
Because we can't do as we'd all like to do.

If we had preachers who wouldn't grow prosy,
If we only had deacons who wouldn't get dry,
If lawyers weren't fly,
If drinkers weren't dry,
If folks wouldn't die—
By and by
We'd all try

To see how unblushingly good we could grow,
Because we'd have things as we want 'em, you know.

If only the world was build square, 'stead of round,
If only hard sense could be made of mere sound,

If we had lots of cash,
And similar trash,
It—without being rash—
We could mash
Like a flash

Any daughter of Eve when we cared to do so,
Then we'd sorter have things as we want 'em, you know.

But when we get down to a mere business base,
We find that we seem to have missed a fat place.

The outlook is murky,
And we sigh like a Turk,
As there's no chance to shrink,
Or to lurk,
While we work

For our grub by the sweat of our brow here below,
'Cause things isn't just as we want 'em, you know.

—Yankee Blade.

A Needed Reform.

Good Minister (during Sunday service)—My dear brethren. I have noticed that on rainy Sundays the congregation always rushes out pell-mell the instant the benediction is pronounced. This looks very unseemly, and I have instructed the sexton to stand in the vestibule on rainy Sundays hereafter and give checks for the umbrellas.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Proverbial Philosophy.

"When you go over to the City of Brotherly Love do you see Mr. and Mrs. Benson?"
"Yes, but there is little pleasure in it."
"Why, what is the matter with them?"
"The old story: Marry in New York and repent in Philadelphia."—*Evening Sun.*

A Sure Test.

"This cigar isn't the least artistic."
"How so?"
"Why, it doesn't draw."—*Judge.*

Not for Ears Polite.

She (waiting for him in the ante-room)—And did you ask papa?
He—I did.
She—And what did he say?
He—Weally, Amy, I'd—I'd wather not answer. I—I belong to the church, don't y' know.

She Was in Trouble.

She was a pretty girl and a pleasant thing to see on a rainy day. She got into a Broadway car at Twenty-sixth street going down town. Her tailor-made costume was natty. A soft hat just showed a curly bang, and a Tuxedo veil skirted the tip of her delicate nose. Slung from her arm she carried a leather-bound Boston bag and in one hand a silver-mounted English umbrella. The car was crowded, and the passengers moved up when a dapper gentleman yielded his place; so the girl squeezed into a narrow space and sat on the edge of the seat at that. Her get-up was gentlemanly, but her pocket was hard to find, just the same. In reaching up to rearrange both, she burst the pin that held one cuff. This made her nervous and the veil wasn't fixed straight by any means, while the hat was pinned at a distinctly rakish angle, and so far back that the bang was pulled up out of sight. When she took her arms down the cuff fell over her knuckles. She couldn't manage the pin, which, being bent, was hurting her dainty wrist, so she bared one hand of its glove. She tried to straighten the pin and lost it. Then she pushed the cuff up and began to look severe. At this point her umbrella fell with a bang of the silver handle. Scooping for it she let her bag drag along the dirty floor, and that was muddled as well as the umbrella. She forgot that her handkerchief had been in the same place, and she wiped her mouth as a girl will

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when she is nervous. This gave her a smudge on her chin. Then she suddenly discovered that her street was at hand.

And, oh! what a sadly different girl it was who got out to do her shopping. One hand ungloved, the other cuff hanging loose, umbrella, bag and face muddy, a soft hat tipped on the back of her head and punched out of shape, a veil aslant across one cheek, and alas! and alas! no bang—no bang at all!—*N. Y. Sun.*

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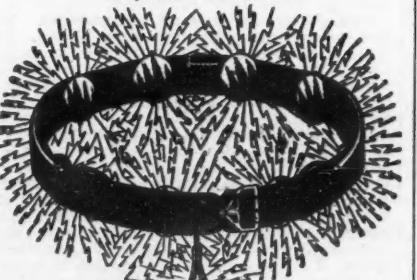
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CHAPTER XIV.

"A MAN CAN HAVE BUT ONE LIFE AND ONE DEATH."

Of all the men he knew, Justin Jermyn was the last whom Gerard would have deliberately chosen for a confidant and counsellor. He had an innate dread of the man, though him false, tricky and uncanny, half a charlatan, and half a fiend; and yet he was drawn towards the man by such an irresistible magnetism, and was at this time so sorely in need of some friendly ear into which his egotism could pour its complaints, that after trying to shake off Jermyn by absolute incivility, he ended by walking as far as Barnes Common with him, where they sat on a furzy hillock in the sweetly August afternoon, and talked in a desultory fashion between their cigars.

So far they talked only of people who were indifferent to both. Jermyn had a scathing tongue about men and women—but, being a man, was naturally most malignant in his estimate of the weaker sex.

"I believe the generalty of men hate all women except the one woman they adore," said Gerard meditatively. "There is a natural antagonism in the sexes as between dog and cat. Turn a little girl loose into a playground of small boys, and if it were not for fear of the schoolmaster, there would be no more of her after an hour's play than of Jezebel when the dogs ate her. Every boy's hand would be against her. They would begin by pulling her hair and tripping her up, and then the natural savage in them would go on to murder. Look at the way the Sepoys treated women in the Indian mutiny! That devilish cruelty was only the innate hatred of the sex which asserted itself at the first opportunity. And your talk about Mrs. Fousenelle and the pretty Miss Vincent is only the civilized development of the same natural malignity."

"Perhaps," agreed Jermyn. "But for my own part I am rather fond of women in the aggregate, as anatomists are fond of butterflies. I like them as specimens. I like to pin them down upon cork and study them, and make my guesses about their future, by the light of their antecedents."

"And you do not believe in the unassailable honor of good women?"

"Not in honor for honor's sake. There are women who elect to go through life with an unspotted reputation, for pride's sake, just as an Indian fanatic will hold his arms above his head until they wither and stiffen, for the sake of being looked up to by his fellowmen. But honor for honor's sake, honor in a hotel where there is no one to praise—honor in the court of a Louis the Great or a Charles the Little—that kind of honor, my dear Hillersdon, is beyond my belief. Remember, I am of the world, worldly. My intellect and my opinions are perhaps the natural product of a society in its decadence."

"And do you think that a good woman—a woman whose girlhood has been fed upon all pure and holy thoughts, whose chosen type of her sex is the mother of Christ, do you think that such a woman can survive the loss of reputation, and yet be happy?"

"Assuredly, if she gets a fair equivalent—a devoted lover, or a life of luxury, with a provision for her old age. The thorn among the roses of vice is not the loss of honor, but the apprehension of poverty. Anonyma, lolling on the silken cushions of her villa, servers at the thought that all the luxuries which surround her may be as short-lived as the flowers in the park borders, for a season, and no more. Believe me, my dear Hillersdon, we waste our pity upon these ladies when we picture them haunted by sad memories of an innocent girlhood, of their father's school house, where they taught the village children on Sunday mornings, of broken-hearted parents, or sorrowing sisters. Ways and means are what these butterflies think about when their thoughts travel beyond the enjoyment of the hour. The clever ones contrive to save a competence, or to marry wealth. The stupid ones have their day, and then drift to the gutter. But conscience—regrets—broken hearts! Dreams, my dear Hillersdon, idle dreams."

A chance hansom took the two young men back to town, and on nearing Queen's gate Gerard invited his companion to dine with him. There was nothing new or striking in Jermyn's discourse, but its cheap cynicism suited Gerard's humor. When a man is set upon evil nothing pleases him better than to be told that evil is the staple of life—that the wickedness which tempts him is common to humanity itself, and can not be avoided because it is incidental to human nature.

They dined *à la carte* in the winter garden, where the summer air rustled among the palm leaves, and the atmosphere was full of the scent of roses, climbing roses, standards, bushes, which filled all the available space, and made the vast conservatory a garden of roses. The sliding windows in the lofty dome were opened and showed a sky, starlit, profound and purple, as if this winter garden near Knightsbridge had been some palm grove in one of the South Sea Isles. The dinner was perfect, the wines the choicest products of royal vineyards; and Hillersdon's guest did ample justice to both cuisine and cellar, while Hillersdon himself ate very little, and drank only soda water.

"Fortune which has favored you so highly in some respects has not given you a good appetite," said Jermyn, when he had gone readily through the menu and had even assisted upon a second supply of a certain *chaud-froid* of ortolans.

"There is such a terrible sameness in food and wines," answered Gerard. "I believe my chef is an artist who really deserves the eminence he enjoys with former masters—but his productions weary me. Their variety is more in name than in substance. Yesterday quails, to-day ortolans, to-morrow grouse. And if I live till next year the quails and ortolans and grouse will come round again. The earliest salmon will be upon my table in January; February will come with her hands full of hot-house peaches and Algerian peas; March will offer me sour strawberries and immature lamb. The same, the same over and over again. The duckling of May—the green-goose, the turkey-poult, the chicken-turbot. I know them all. There is a truer relish in a red herring which a working-man carries home to eat with his tea, than in all the resources of a French cook, when once we have run through his gamut of delicacies. I remember my first Greenwich dinner—rapture—the little room overlooking the river, the open windows and evening sunlight, the whitebait, the flounder-soupe, the sweetbread, and iced moselle, food for the Olympian gods—but after many seasons of Greenwich dinners how weary and hackneyed is the feast."

"You have possessed your millions little more than a year, and already you have learnt how not to enjoy," said Jermyn. "I congratulate you upon your progress."

"Ah, you forget, I knew all these things before I had my fortune—knew them in the days when I was only an umbrage, knew them in other people's houses. Money can buy hardly anything for us. It has freshness or novelty, any more than it could for Solomon, and I have no Queen of Sheba to envy me my splendor until there was no more spirit in her. Nobody envies a millionaire his wealth nowadays. Millionsaires are too common. They live in every street in Mayfair. To be worth anybody's envy a man should have a billion."

"You begin to find fault with the mediocrity of your fortune?" said Jermyn, with his pleasant laugh at human folly. "A little more than a year ago you were going to destroy yourself

because you were in pecuniary difficulties—persecuted by tailors and bootmakers. In another year you will be charging the same revolver to end an existence that leaves you nothing to live for. Solomon was not so foolish. Indeed I think that great king was simply the most magnificent sham that the history of the world offers to the contemplation of modern thinkers, a man who could philosophize so exquisitely upon the vanity of human life, and yet drain the cup of earthly pleasures—sensual, artistic, intellectual—to the very dregs! Vanity of vanities, says the preacher; and, behold! the slave market sends its choicest beauties to the king. Vanity of vanities, and lo! his ships come into port laden with apes and ivory, with Tyrean purple and the gold of Ophir, for the king; and the building of the mighty temple yonder on the holy hill affords a perpetual interest and an inexhaustible playground for the man who calls the grasshopper a burden. I'll wager that in Jerusalem they called that gorgeous temple Solomon's Folly, and laughed among themselves at the great king's litter went up the hill, with veiled beauty sitting in the shadow of the purple curtains, and little slipped feet just peeping out among the jewel-spangled cushions. Solomon in all his glory! I think, Hillersdon, I was as rich as you, the thing I should feel most keenly would be that my money could not buy me back one glimpse of the glory of the past—not half an hour with the guerilla leader David, among the wild hills, not one glimpse of Jerusalem when Solomon was king, not a night with Dido, or a dinner with Lucullus. We may imitate that gorgeous past, but we can never recall it. Billions would not buy it back for us. All the color and glory of life has faded from an earth that is vulgarized by cheap trippers. From Hume to the Holy Land one hears the same harsh, common voices. German and Yankee agents, the English, the Tuscan of the Florentine in the Via Tornabuoni, tramloads of Cockneys rush up and down the hills of Algeria, camel loads of vulgarly from London and New York pervade the desert where Isaiah wandered alone beneath the stars. The hill where the worshippers of Baal waited for a sign from their god, the Valley of Jehosaphat, are as banal as Shooter's Hill or the Vale of Health. The spirit of romance has fled from our vulgarized planet, and not a myriad of golden sovereigns could tempt her back for an hour!"

"I should be content to let the past go, if I could be happy in the present. That is the difficulty."

"Oh, I am always happy. I have fancies, but no passionate longings. My only troubles are climatic. If I can follow the sunshine I am content."

"If you have finished your wine let us go to my den," said Gerard, who had allowed his companion's rodomontade to pass by him like the faint breath of evening wind among the palm leaves, while his own thoughts traveled in a circle. "We can talk freely here. I feel as if there were listeners in the shadowy corners behind those heavy tapestries."

"To your den with all my heart."

They went upstairs to the room where Gerard's test of power was fixed against the wall, an old Italian vestment of richest embroidery, with jewels embedded in the tarnished gold thread, hung in front of that eccentric haemlock. He had not looked at it since the night when he first met Hester Davenport, and when the tremulous line which his pen made upon the paper showed him that a disturbing element had entered into his life.

To-night he flung himself into his accustomed chair wearily, and as he sat he thought of the hushed side of the books upon the table in front of him, and looked at the splendid face of his betrothed in the photograph.

Jermyn was walking round the room looking at everything with an amused air.

"So like my old rooms," he said. "I feel quite snug as I look at it. Mine was sold, dispersed, vanished into thin air. I gave up those old inn chambers—too uncanny for a man of cheerful temperament. I have a *pièce de terre* in Paris now, my only settlement."

"What part of Paris?"

"Ah, I never tell my address. That is one of my idiosyncrasies. But if I ever meet you on the boulevard after the theaters have closed, I will take you to my den to supper, and will give you Margot or Lef to equal to the Madeira which you liked that night in the old inn. By Jove, my image in bronze! How did you come by it?"

The image was a bust of Pan, and the features and expression of the god were the features and expression of Justin Jermyn. Allow for the fantasy of goat's ears, and the bust was as fine a likeness of the fat-reader as portraiture could have achieved under the happiest conditions.

"Who is the sculptor?" asked Jermyn, hovering over the image with childish pleasure.

"It is an antique from Sir Humphrey Squanderville's collection. I found it at Christie's the other day, and I bought it as the best substitute I could get for that black marble bust which I saw in your rooms."

"You must be very fond of me, Hillersdon, to have set up my image in your sanctum."

"Fond of you? Not in the least. I have a horror of you—but I like your society, as a man likes opium. It has a foul taste, and he knows it is bad for him; yet he takes it—craves for it—must have it. I could not rest till I had your likeness; and now that grinning mouth of yours is always there to mock at my heartache, my doubt, my despair. That broad smile of sensual enjoyment, that rapture in mere animal life, serves me as a perpetual reminder of what a poor creature am I from the human point of view—how utterly unable to enjoy life from the Pantheist's standpoint, how conscious of man's universal heritage—death."

"Death is here and death is there. Death is busy everywhere," quoted Jermyn. "Cheerful poet, Shelley; an exquisite harper, but a good deal of his harping was upon one string—death, sunset, disillusion. It would have been very inconsistent if he had lived to be as old as Wordsworth. But why should my image, posing himself beside the bronze bust, and laying his long white hand affectionately upon the sylvan god's forehead, remind you of dismal things? My prototype and I have the spirit which makes for cheerfulness."

"Your very cheerfulness accentuates my own gloom."

"Gloom! With youth and good looks, and ninety thousand a year."

"More than enough for happiness, perhaps. If I had the freedom of the air, I am one at least, and I know not how short my lease may be. I have pretty good reason to know that it is not a long one. Yes, I know that Justin Jermyn, I know that these things belong to me as the dream-palace belongs to the dreamer who fancies him a king."

"Make the most of your opportunities while they last. To be as rich as you are—and to be young—is to command the world. There is not a flower in the garden of this world that you cannot pluck."

"You are wrong. I am tied and hampered. I see before me one—and only one—chance of supreme happiness, and yet I dare not grasp it."

"And then in a gush of confidence, in the passionate egotism that must talk of self, he told this man whom he distrusted, the inmost secrets of his heart—told him how he had been moved by the sight of Hester's face on the platform in the concert hall, and how from that night he had struggled in vain against the attraction which drew him towards her. He told Jermyn

everything—his intrusion upon her life, albeit he knew her desire to avoid all intercourse with friends of the past—told of those quiet hours in the humble lodging, those unalarming gifts of flowers and books—told of those slow pacings to and fro by the river, with the old father always at her side—pouring out his soul to this man whom he doubted and feared as a girl tells her story of hopeless love to a trusted sister.

"We have never been alone together since that first night in Eton Square. I have never dared even to hold her hand in mine with a lingering clasp, and yet when our hands touch there is a fire that runs through my veins, till heart and brain are fused in that passionate fire, and I can scarce shape the words that bid her good-bye. Our talk has been only of the commonest things. I have never by look or word dared to express my love—and yet I think she knows I love her. I think that when my heart leaps at the sound of her voice or the touch of her hand, her heart is not silent. I have seen her lips tremble in the faint evening light when we have walked side by side under the trees. I have felt that there was eloquence in her silence, in her faltering replies. Yes, I know she loves me."

"What more do you want—knowing that? Are you going to leave her at her sewing machine when you can make her life one blissful holiday?"

"She is not a woman to be had for the asking. Would you advise me to fling every consideration except happiness to the winds, and marry her?"

"You cannot marry everybody," replied Jermyn, with a practical air. "And I take it you are irrevocably pledged to the lady yonder," pointing to the stately form of the gold and lapis lazuli frame—a gem of jeweler's work—on the table.

"Yes, I am pledged to her."

"In any case the world expects you to marry her—and it will go rather hard with her—from a society point of view, if you don't. But perhaps you care very little what the world says about Mrs. Champion?"

"I care very much. I am bound to care for her reputation, and for her feelings. Till she, of her own free will, releases me, I am bound to her by every tie that can bind a man of honor."

"So!" exclaimed Jermyn, "that means a good deal."

"It means not one syllable to Edith Champion's discredit," answered Hillersdon, hotly. "She was a faithful wife to her husband, and I knew how to respect her position as his wife, although I had been her adoring lover. In the three years of her married life we were friends, and friends only. It may be that we both counted on the days when she would be free, and when the thread of the old story might be taken up where it dropped."

"And now she is free, and you seem hardly to have taken up the thread."

"It is her fault," said Hillersdon, angrily. "Her fault. She is beautiful, generous, loves me with all her heart; but she is bound and fettered by petty laws which brave women laugh at. She ran away from me just when my salvation lay in her society. I wanted to hold fast by my first love. I wanted to live all my life in her company, to lure back the old loves and graces that had fluttered away, to forget that there was another lovely or lovable woman upon this earth; but she told me that people would talk, and that it was better we should have a quiet little each other until the period of conventional grief was past, and I could decently make David Champion's widow my wife. So she is sketching snow peaks at Murren while—"

"While you are over head and ears in love with Hester Davenport?"

"I believe it is in possession. My world begins and ends with her. I tried to run away, tried to start for Switzerland, to follow my betrothed to her mountain retreat, in defiance of her objection; but it was a futile effort. I was at the station; my man and my portmanteau were on the platform; and at the last moment my resolution failed. I could not place myself beyond the possibility of seeing the face I worship, of hearing the voice that thrills me."

"And you are content to go on seeing the lovely face and hearing the thrilling voice in the presence of a woman whom you don't love? Being in love with her in the presence of the family lawyer? Why don't you get rid of the old man?"

"That's not as easy as you suppose. You saw me sent away from her door to-day. She has not received my father's absence, and I am not such a cad as to force myself upon her seclusion. I behaved badly enough in the first instance when I acted in direct opposition to her wish."

"To her alleged wish. Do you think a woman is ever quite candid in these cases, either to her lover or to herself? Look at Goethe's Gretchen, for instance, somewhat snappish when Faust addresses her in the street, but a few hours after, in the garden! What had been of the snappishness? She is ocean deep in love, ready to throw herself into the lover's arms. Can you conceive how you can have gone on with this idle trifling degradation, in love with a boarding-school miss. You with your millions, your short lease of life, your passionate desire to make the most of a few golden years. Strange to what hopeless fatality love can reduce its victim. Get rid of the old man, make a clean sweep of him, and then at least the coast will be clear, and you need not confine your love-making to half-an-hour's crawl upon the embankment."

"How get rid of him? There's the difficulty. He has been reformed by her patient care, and it is the business of her life to make his declining years happy. Nothing would induce her to part with him."

"Perhaps not; but very little would induce him to part with her. Do you suppose that he is not tired of his present life? Do you know what reform means in the habitual drunkard? It means deprivation that makes existence a living death. It means a perpetual craving, a thirst as fierce as that which racks the parched traveler in the African desert, the parched sailor scorched upon a raft in mid-ocean, only it is the thirst for alcohol, for fire instead of water. To his daughter this poor wretch may pretend resignation, but you may be sure he is miserable, and will resign his darling vice at the first opportunity."

"And you would suggest that I should find the opportunity, that I should fling him back into the Japhet from which his daughter has plucked him. No, Jermyn, I am not so vile as that."

"I suggest nothing. Only if you want to win the daughter you must get the father out of the way unless, indeed, you prefer to take the other line—throw over Mrs. Champion and make a formal offer for Miss Davenport's hand. No doubt the old man would be very proud of you as a son-in-law, though you might have some occasion to be ashamed of him as a father-in-law, when the old man's old man's establishment like this should lure him back to his old habits."

"I have told you that I cannot break with Edith."

"And you will marry her next year, while you are still passionately in love with another woman?"

"I dare not think of next year. I may not live till next year. I can think only of the present, and of the woman I love."

"You are wise. A year is a long time, measured by a passion like yours. You have offered Davenport and his daughter an income for life, and you have acted with most admirable delicacy, and yet your offers have been rejected. Have you ever offered Davenport money directly—with the golden sovereigns or the crisp bank notes in your hand?"

"Never. I would not degrade him by any such offer. I believe that he would reject any gift of that kind."

"A gift perhaps, but not a loan. A man of that kind will always take your money if you

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humor his pride by pretending to lend it to him. Or there are other ways. He is a good classic, you say, or was so once. Let him write a book for you. A literary commission would be an excuse for giving him ample means for enjoying his evenings in his own way, and then your moonlit walks upon the embankment would have the charm which such walks have when heart answers to heart."

"What a villain I should be if I were to take your advice and undo the work to which that heroic girl has devoted herself for the brightest years of her girlhood—those years which for the young lady in society mean a triumphant progress of dances and tennis tournaments, and pretty frocks and adulation—a pathway of flowers. She has given all the brightness of her youth to this holy aim, and you would have me undo her work!"

"My dear fellow, the end is inevitable. I tell you that for the habitual drunkard there is no such thing as reformation. There is semblance of it, while the sinner is cut off from the possibility of sin; but backsliding comes with opportunity, and the reaction is so much the more violent because of that slow agony of deprivation through which the sinner has been passing. I no more believe in Mr. Davenport's reform than the Broad Church believes that Joshua stopped the sun."

The conversation drifted into other channels. They discussed that great problem of man's destiny which is always being argued in some form or other. They asked each other that universal riddle which is always being answered and is yet unanswerable. In this line of argument Jermyn showed an impish facility for shifting his ground; and at the end of an hour's argument Hillersdon hardly knew whether he was full of vague aspirations and vague beliefs in purer and better worlds beyond this insignificant planet, or whether his creed was blank negation.

It was late when they parted, and after the man was gone Gerard Hillersdon sat for a long time face to face with the bronze Pan, the sly smile, the curious sidelong glance of the long weary eyes that he carried on the argument, which the living light had dropped, to strange and wicked conclusions.

"Wealth without limit," mused Gerard, "and so little power to enjoy—so brief a lease of life. Why, if I were sure of living to eighty or ninety I should still think it hard that the man who has made a fortune should be allowed to shadow in the freshness of life's morning, stealing nearer and nearer with the ripening noon; and oh, the blackness of life's evening when the last sun-rays light an open grave. Oh, that inevitable end—poison and bane of every life, but most hideous where wealth makes a kind of royalty. I see it in the eyes of every man I read the wills of triple or quadruple millionaires. The wealth remains—a long array of figures, astounding in their magnitude—and the man who owned it is lying in the dark, and knows the end of all things."

He went over to the wall against which he had affixed his tallman, drew aside the curtain, and then stepped quickly back to the table, and dipped his pen in the ink. It was the same large broad-nibbed pen with which he had drawn the last line upon the night after his interview with Hester Davenport. He dashed his pen upon the paper in a fury, and drew an inner line with one hurried sweep of his wrist. If it was a declaration of love, assured firmness that line would have been bold and strong as an outline by Michael Angelo; but the tracing was even more wavering than the last, and might have been the effort of a sick man, so feebly did the line falter from point to point.

"Dr. South and Justin Jermyn are right," thought Gerard. "It is a passionate feeling that saps the life of a man—most of all a hopeless passion—most of all a struggle between honor and inclination. I will see South to-morrow, and if he tells me the shadows are deepening upon the dial—if—"

The sentence remained unfinished even in his own mind. He spent a restless night, broken by brief slumbers and long dreams—vivid dreams in which he was haunted by the image of Nicholas Davenport, under every strange and degrading aspect. In one dream he was in his father's church at evening in the quiet summer evening. He heard the organ and the voices of the village choir in the closing phrases of his mother's favorite hymn, Abide With Me, and amidst the hush that followed the Amen he saw Nicholas Davenport looking over the worn velvet cushion of the old-fashioned pulpit, gesticulating dumbly, mad with drink, but voiceless. There was no sound in the church after that tender closing phrase of the hymn. All that followed was silence; but as he looked at that degraded figure leaning out of the pulpit the church changed to the pit of hell, and the village congregation became an assembly of devils, and on the steps of Satan's throne stood a figure like Goethe's Mephistopheles, and the face

under the little red cap with the cock's feather was the face of Justin Jermyn.

There was nothing strange in the fact that he should so dream, for he had long ago in his own mind linked the fat-reader to Goethe's fiend.

Gerard Hillersdon drove to Harley street before ten o'clock next morning, and was lucky in catching Dr. South, who was in London, en passant, having finished his own cure and advised his gouty patients at Homburg, and being on the point of starting for a holiday at Braemar.

There were no patients in the waiting-room, as the doctor was supposed to be out of town, and on sending in his card Hillersdon was at once admitted to the consulting-room.

Dr. Smith looked up from his pile of newly opened letters with a pleasant smile.

"My little patient of the Devonshire rectory," he said, cheerily, and then, with a keen look and a changed tone, he said, "But how is this, Mr. Hillersdon, you are not looking so well as when you were here last. I'm afraid you have been disregarding my advice!"

"Perhaps I have," Gerard answered, gloomily. "You told me that in order to spin out the thin thread of my life I must venture only to exist. I must teach myself to become a human vegetable, without passions or emotions, thought or desire."

"I did not forbid thought or pleasant emotions," said Dr. South; "I only urged you to avoid those stormy passions which strain the cordage of the human vessel, and sometimes wreck her."

"You urged that which is impossible. To live is to feel and to suffer. I have not been able to obey you. I am passionately in love with a woman whom I cannot marry."

"You mean that the lady is married already?"

"No; but there are other reasons—"

"If it is a question of social inequality, waive it, and marry. You cannot afford to be unhappy. The disappointment which another man would get over in a year, might in your case have a fatal effect. You are not of the temper which can live down trouble."

"Tell me, frankly and ruthlessly, how long I have to live."

"Take off your coat and waistcoat," said the doctor, quietly, and then, as his patient obeyed, he said, "I should be an impudent empiric if I pretended to measure the sands in the glass of life, but I can, if you like, tell you if your chances now are any worse than they were when you were with me last year. I remember your case perfectly, and even what I said to you at that time. I was especially interested in you as one of my little patients who had faith enough to come back to me in manhood. Now let me see, and the thoughtful head was bent to listen to that terrible tell-tale machinery we all carry about with us, ticking off the hours that remain to each of us in this poor sum of life. The downward-bent brow was unseen by the patient, or he might have read his doom in the physician's countenance. When Dr. South looked up his features wore only the studied gravity of the professional aspect.

"Well," questioned Hillersdon, when the auscultation was finished, "am I much worse than when I was here last?"

"You are not any better."

"Speak out, for God's sake," cried Gerard, roughly. "I beg your pardon, doctor, but I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—not making the best of a bad case. What is the outlook?"

"Well, and Justin Jermyn are right," thought Gerard. "It is a passionate feeling that saps the life of a man—most of all a hopeless passion—most of all a struggle between honor and inclination. I will see South to-morrow, and if he tells me the shadows are deepening upon the dial—if—"

The sentence remained unfinished even in his own mind. He spent a restless night, broken by brief slumbers and long dreams—vivid dreams in which he was haunted by the image of Nicholas Davenport, under every strange and degrading aspect. In one dream he was in his father's church at evening in the quiet summer evening. He heard the organ and the voices of the village choir in the closing phrases of his mother's favorite hymn, Abide With Me, and amidst the hush that followed the Amen he saw Nicholas Davenport looking over the worn velvet cushion of the old-fashioned pulpit, gesticulating dumbly, mad with drink, but voiceless. There was no sound in the church after that tender closing phrase of the hymn. All that followed was silence; but as he looked at that degraded figure leaning out of the pulpit the church changed to the pit of hell, and the village congregation became an assembly of devils, and on the steps of Satan's throne stood a figure like Goethe's Mephistopheles, and the face

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EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Music.

Last week and this have proved to be a sort of operatic festival, between Agnes Huntington, De Wolf Hopper, and the Poor Jonathan combination. From Huntington to Hopper was quite a change. The presentation of Paul Jones given us by the former was a delightful glimpse of comic opera in its purity, if I may use the phrase. There was no horseplay, no extravagance in the comedy, and the music was good if not brilliant. The De Wolf Hopper combination was called an opera bouffe company, and the play bill stated that The Lady or the Tiger was a "classic comic operetta." I don't see why they should call the company an opera bouffe one, nor do I see why The Lady or the Tiger should be entitled a classic comic operetta, rather an ambitious designation. However, as this was probably only a flight of fancy for advertising purposes, and not intended as a pedagogic definition, we will not quarrel about it, and will consider the work itself as a species of amusement.

The operetta or extravaganza, call it what you will, was very funny, but it is of that kind of fun which it planned upon canvas would savor more of the palette-knife than of the brush. In this it may be considered as a truly American production, its lines boldly drawn, and its contrasts strongly colored. The American public likes to have its amusements highly flavored and in this case the dish is to its taste. The clever story of Frank Stockton is equally cleverly handled by Sidney Rosenfeld, who has produced a libretto with much fun in it. The fun is confined to Mr. Hopper and Miss Della Fox. The serious or heroic part of the book is not very strong, nor yet very weak. The music by Mr. Adolf Nowak is fairly tuneful, with considerable strength in the chorus writing. The orchestration was, I take it, entrusted principally to the absent instruments for the piano was always in evidence. The chorus was large and of various degrees of comeliness, the lesser preponderating over the greater. The scenery was well-as the scene is laid in Sparta, two of the sets were of truly Spartan simplicity. The last setting, that of the arena, was excellent, and afforded a very effective stage picture.

De Wolf Hopper was the life of the opera. He was always about, fussy and troubled, but was very funny in a large, broadly accented way. His postures, his expressions of rage, doubt, annoyance, and indeed of all the lower emotions, were very laughable. His immense height and giant strides, which in most actors would militate against success on the stage, were cleverly made to serve as no mean part of his stock in trade. The great voice, too, helped to emphasize the exaggeration of the character Pausanias, Regent of Sparta. Miss Fox was charming as the tell-tale Hilaria, and her naive "Truth compels me to state," brought down the house every time it was uttered. Her dancing and skipping about were both graceful and laughter-suggesting. Albrecht Duver in his picture of St. Peter denying the Saviour, has painted a Roman soldier smoking a pipe, and with similar anachronistic license Hilaria, who is supposed to have flourished several hundred years B.C. sings an ode illustrative of the glories of freedom in general and of the United States in particular, in which she shows a small edition of the Stars and Stripes. This provoked a burst of applause from the gallery, which was quickly resented by others with a storm of hisses. At present, when the feeling as to the popularity of the Star and Stripes is in such a state of unrest, the introduction of the national symbol of our neighbors should be avoided by managers. No one can object to the flag of a friendly nation being honored in an opera house, but when the suspicion of a leaning towards too great friendliness becomes evident in the applause, loyal hearts will protest emphatically against it, and some day there will be more trouble than the proprietors of open houses will enjoy. The Irene of Miss Anna O'Keefe was very good. This lady sings well and is a good actress.

A great many people had been led by the bills, which portrayed the conventional Brother Jonathan, to suppose that something very Yankee would be seen in Poor Jonathan; but when the opera came there was nothing Yankee about it but the name. Millocker has written very pretty music for Poor Jonathan, with a haunting waltz song running all through it, and it is a very successful production. There is a fine chorus and, the gods be praised, an enlarged orchestra. The chorus sings very well, and is the first professional opera chorus that I have seen who looked well in evening dress, and not like a lot of bandits and their sweethearts. In their singing, these ladies and gentlemen lack precision, but that is the fault of the musical director. Their good tone and intonation, however, make one overlook this fault. The setting is good, especially that of the last act, the heights of West Point, the locality being introduced to permit a march by young lady cadets. This march, by the way, is not as good as many others we have seen here.

Mr. Fred Solomon was very rich and funny as Poor Jonathan, but hardly found scope for his peculiar talents. On Monday evening,

when I saw the opera, everyone was disappointed at not seeing Mr. J. H. Ryley, who was laid up with a cold, a disaster which I hope was remedied during the week. His understudy, Mr. Max Lube, did very well, his foreign accent tending to heighten the illusion of representing an impresario, most of these gentlemen being foreigners, to whom such an accent is no stranger. The men among the singers did not distinguish themselves very much, Mr. Henry Hallam, who played Rubygold, having a fair tenor voice, but with a tendency to flatten in pitch. Miss Camille Darville, on the other hand, is a most delightful singer. She has a beautifully clear voice, flexible and true, and to my mind has not been surpassed on the comic opera stage in Toronto. Miss Louise Elasing, also, was very satisfactory and showed herself to be a clever soubrette actress and an excellent student. The young lady students in academics who in the opera were visible both in New York and at Monte Carlo, must have left the former city in a hurry as they wore their academics with equal grace in the great Mediterranean resort. Taken altogether Poor Jonathan is well mounted and affords a fine evening's diversion.

The Hall of the College of Music was well filled on Thursday evening of last week, when the successful candidates for the degree of Associate of the College of Organists (Canada) gave a recital, and acquitted themselves most creditably. The were Miss Florence Clarke, Mr. W. J. McNally, Mr. A. G. Alexander, Mr. J. A. Thomas and Mr. T. A. Blakeley. Vocal solos were rendered by Miss Florence Benson, Miss Ella Paterson, and Mr. Douglas Bird, pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

The Santley concerts of the Philharmonic Society are nearly upon us. Monday and Tuesday week will see the great baritone among us. The support will be Mrs. Anna Mooney Busch, Frau Danbar-Morawetz, Mr. Douglass Bird, and the Mozart Quartette, as well as other well-known talent.

The Toronto Vocal Society will make especial efforts to keep up the high standard of its concerts at its next public appearance. Miss Clementine De Vere, one of the most delightful singers on the continent, who was here with Campanini and Gilmore, will be the soprano, and the violinist, Franz Wilczek, has also been engaged. Mr. Wilczek is a pupil of Joachim, who has made a great success since his arrival in America.

I have seen in the Brantford *Expositor* a notice of the Easter concert given by the Young Ladies' College of that city in which high praise is given to the excellent work done by the pupils of Miss Marie C. Strong, who is the vocal teacher there.

The Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Nora Hillary, give their concert for the Sick Children's Hospital furnishing fund, on May 7. Mrs. Caldwell will sing, and they have secured the valuable services of Mrs. Moore (London) as pianist. METRONOME.

The Drama.

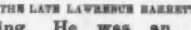
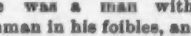
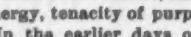

One of the recent successes of American drama has been produced at the Grand Opera House this week. Bronson Howard's play, *Shenandoah*, though coming under the category headed "war-plays" is not, as many of these plays are, all war and no drama. The civil war is used as a background on which to place a story of great dramatic strength in which alternate the scenes of passion, heroism and comedy of which all drama is composed. The plot, which the daily journals have made familiar to all interested in theatricals, is founded on those vicissitudes of fortune and life which result from the dreadful storm that first thundered on Fort Sumter and the loves and domestic affairs of the several principal characters are clearly and cunningly interwoven with several great events of the rebellion.

In the construction of this play there is a tendency to the distribution of the action in some parts which is rather apt to weaken its structure as a whole. Some taking dialogue and exquisite by-play intervene where one expects the action to move forward rapidly and decisively. The plot is somewhat complicated in its evolution, but viewed as a stirring panorama *Shenandoah* is exceedingly interesting. Bronson Howard is a writer of much excellence in comedy, and some of the comic situations with which this play is sprinkled are the brightest and best parts of it.

The cast of players which presented *Shenandoah* here this week, while not of the first excellence, gave a pleasing and harmonious performance. Misses Eleanor Tyndale and Netta Gulon are bright and sympathetic players and are ably assisted by Anna Robinson and Nanette Comstock. Mr. Frank Burbeck acted the part of Gen. Haverill with dignity. Mr. Carlyle gave a very fair performance as Colonel West and Messrs. Lohman, Mackay, Adelman and Holland were very satisfactory.

Another of the illustrious figures in the history of the American stage was removed last Friday by the death of Lawrence Barrett. The New York *Evening Sun* says of him: "The late Lawrence Barrett was a character whose full story, if written, would profit men of other professions than his own to read. He was self-made in a sense that can disregard material success, yet in which that same success adds something. He was an actor in grain; his art entered into and informed his being. He was a man without vices, agreeably human in his foibles, and a shining example of energy, tenacity of purpose and high aims. In the earlier days of his career he was

THE LATE LAWRENCE BARRETT.






pleased to describe himself on the play bills, at least in Shakespearean parts, as Lawrence Barrett, Student. The affectation was not altogether one. Barrett worked hard at the meaning of his Shakespearean characters during many of the years that he played them. He was not a natural actor—that is, a born one. All that he did achieve was got at by intellectual work. He was deficient in natural sympathy for many of his parts. He worked himself into them by deliberate and conscious labor.

His careful study rarely failed to surprise the spectator into a recognition of some fulness of meaning theretofore unperceived in familiar lines. So, while falling short at nearly every point of the greatness of his art, few players of his time have been more satisfying in performance, or done more to confer dignity and purpose on his art, or to gain for it the respect of the persons whose respect is worth having.

He was enthusiastic for his art, withal; well read in its history, with a strong feeling for its continuity and a confidence in its future. He was ambitious to identify himself with it in this sense, so that his personality should be a necessary part of its history in America. Perhaps it will do to say that the bedrock on which his character was reared was laboriousness.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The *Theatre* says Harrigan's theatre, New York is now "the most American thing in America."

Sol Smith Russell once swallowed a bottle of varnish on the stage in a drinking scene, and since then he smells the property wine before he drinks.

Blind Tom, the famous pianist, is slowly dying of consumption in a pauper insane asylum. He earned something like \$500,000 by his concerts.

The *Porcupine* says that Nym Crinkle has become so fanatical on the subject of German opera that last week he refused to ride in a Wagner vestibule car.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel* says: A star, in theatrical parlance, is the player whose name is put on the programme in big type, so that the audience won't make a mistake and applaud some low-salaried party in a small role.

Emma Juch, who opened the new Opera House at Vancouver, B.C., speaks enthusiastically of the theater. In a letter to the proprietor she says it is one of the most comfortable and generously constructed edifices—especially adapted to music—that she ever saw.

At the box office of the London Pavilion Music Hall recently was posted a telegram reading: "Cold dreadful. Doctor says I can't appear to night. Bellwood." This was Bessie Bellwood's way of imitating Madame Patti. She is as much of a tyrant in her world as La Diva is in hers. It has been promised several times that America should see this rough-and-ready young "serio comic" singer, who not only is famous as a pugilist, but whose charms have brought to her feet one of the gay young dukes of England. Bellwood is a remarkable type of the vulgar woman. Her devil-may-care manner is almost terrible, and yet it is fascinating at the same time. She is rather pretty, full of vivacity, and does not hesitate to say anything that comes into her wicked little head when she is called upon. She will emphasize a double meaning if an audience laughs at it by crying out, "Aoh, naoh! I wasn't thinking of what you were. Aoh, deah, naoh!" Bellwood is addicted to colds, and a notice of her non-appearance is frequent at the houses where she is engaged. In spite of this she continues the highest-priced performer in the variety profession, and on the occasions that she does appear she is sure to be the most startling feature of the bill. Since thrashing her last cab driver, the Jesus of the town are said to whip up their steeds and fly in an opposite direction whenever she beckons them.

The other night a knot of theatrical people were discussing Sarah Bernhardt, says the *Mirror*. Henry Guy Carleton, who was present, said: "In my estimation, Sarah Bernhardt is the greatest living actress. To a greater degree than any other woman I can recall, she possesses that gift commonly spoken of as genius. Each one of her characterizations is a wonderful combination of genius and study. Madame Bernhardt is an artist in the highest sense of the word. She reveals the fact in her every gesture. She has the whole gamut of stage effects at her fingers' ends. She knows—better than any stage manager could suggest—exactly how much pathos is wanted here, how much comedy there. She has the artistic instinct. Every intonation of her voice is an interesting study itself. Her characterizations are not merely roles assumed; they are the characters themselves. Sarah when playing Tosca, Fedora, Camille becomes, for the time being, those women. She feels all their passions and moods; she imparts the perfect illusion to her audiences and thus holds them spell-bound beneath her fascination. All other actresses living are as pigmies beside her. Bernhardt is so great an actress that she never plays the same two consecutive nights, yet neither performance will be less admirable than the other. Given the play is Camille and that she has had something to disturb her during the day, her Camille that night will show it. She feels ill-tempered; Camille will be ill-tempered, too. And Sara Bernhardt is a shrewd woman. Why was the storm scene omitted in her American production of *Cleopatra*? Because Bernhardt, with all her genius, is only a woman. Because it must be Bernhardt the public wants to see—not the play. In Sardou's storm scene the greatest effect in the act is produced by purely mechanical means, not by Sara Bernhardt. That must be avoided. So Bernhardt cut it out. A sensible woman!"

William Winter, in the *Theater*, pays the following tribute to Edwin Booth: The opportunity is once more afforded of seeing one of the great actors of this century. In the presence of any professional achievement by Edwin Booth the mind of the observer is conscious of a perfect adequacy and noble fulfillment. The embodiment, whatever it may happen to be called, is genuine. It fills the eye; it awakens the heart; it inspires and satisfies the imagination. It is followed with keen interest and unflinching delight, and it is treasured with

affectionate remembrance. You never feel, as you recall Edwin Booth's performances, that when you were looking at them you were wasting your time. Much of the material, and many of the persons customarily shown upon our stage can neither be seen with pleasure nor remembered with patience. The acting of Mr. Booth, on the contrary, exemplifies the solid worth of dramatic art—its beauty, its nobility, its beneficence; and therein it shows the reason why the theater should exist. If it were not for the coming of such an actor now and then—to whom Nature has given a great soul as well as suitable physical equipment and mimetic faculty—the stage would be a wilderness of rubbish and the most unmitigated nuisance in the social world. Mr. Booth is probably approaching to close of his public life. He no longer acts often, and his engagements are short. He has had a brilliant career, and no doubt has accomplished all that it was within the scope of his powers to achieve. The performances that he gives in the present do not rise higher, and should not be expected to rise higher, than those that he gave in the past. Such a Hamlet or such a Richelieu this age never saw before, and never will see again. His genius has reached its summit. The fire has begun to die down; but the majesty, the tenderness, the refinement, the grace, the gentle dignity, and serene sweetness, remain untouched by time. Edwin Booth's acting is not likely to be neglected in this capital; but if that were to happen, this community would only show itself blind to its own interest.

Varsity Chat.

At the annual meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening of last week, reports of the several committees were read and adopted. It is strange, but true that oft times when men are transacting business with all seriousness they give expression to much that is humorous and this meeting presented a strong illustration of this. The report of the General Committee showed that one hundred and twelve dollars had been expended during the past year in supplying reading matter for the reading room of the society. The business of the curator, one of the officers, and a member of committee, is to carry out the instructions of the society in purchasing what papers may be recommended, and to have these placed on file and kept in proper condition. He is responsible to the society for any neglect of duty, and is liable to be censured if he is dilatory or lacking in due diligence. To do the work of the curator the past year, while he retained the honor and responsibility, an assistant curator—a graduate forsooth was hired by the general committee for the sum of \$50. Our Local and Dominion Governments might copy with profit to the country, the example of our society. Sheriffs, registrars, court clerks and other officials might be made to feel satisfied with the honor, responsibility and liability attached to their positions while other men draw the salaries. This would solve the problem involved in the question of office fees. We would not, however, wish the governments to pay \$50 for having \$112 of property cared for.

The action of the banks of this city in subscribing \$1,200 to found a scholarship in the first year, to be competed for by students who agree to attend the lectures and write on the second year Political Science is indeed commendable. They also promise that in appointing bank officers they will, *ceteris paribus*, give the preference to persons presenting a certificate of having taken the first two years in the honor department of Political Science. There are not many graduates to be found among the class of citizens known as bank clerks, and yet it would be difficult to give any reasons why such a state of affairs should exist. Sir Daniel Wilson, in a Convocation address some years ago, referred to the various positions that were filled by graduates, and in a most powerful peroration stated that one graduate had become a successful bank clerk. At this the gallery rang with applause, and the denizens of the corridors cheered again and again.

The cricket club is in favor of uniting with Trinity and choosing a team to play with a team chosen from American colleges. The Varsity c-cketers hope that arrangements will be completed whereby an annual college international match will be decided upon. At the last meeting of the club the following officers were elected: President, Prof. Loudon; first vice-president, G. A. Fraser, M.A.; second vice-president, Theo. Coleman; secretary-treasurer, A. E. McLaughlin; captain, H. C. Pope; curator, W. A. Gilmour; committee—W. I. Sankler, W. Cowie, O. P. Edgar, W. L. McQuarrie, A. A. Vickers, P. H. Youmans, P. Kingston and G. Claves.

The men who take a keen interest in athletic sports and pastimes have decided to form an athletic association, which will not be under the control of the Literary Society, though the society will be given representation on the committee of management. By this recent move, it would appear, that sports are about to receive the attention for which they for a long time have been struggling and which they deserved to receive years ago. Mr. H. C. Pope is chairman, and Mr. R. K. Barker, secretary of the committee, having on hand the preparation of a constitution for the association.

Papers prepared by A. T. DeLury, B.A., Vancouver, and C. A. Chant, B.A., Ottawa, were read before the Mathematical and Physical Society last week.

The medicals visited the old ruins in great numbers this week. They were not after relics or mementoes, but were paying for their tickets of attendance and making sure that everything was just right before they began to write on the examination. A medical has to go deep down into his pocket. A society for the prevention of cruelty to students should be organized, and the medicals should join as about this season of the year they are simply driven about from one part of the city to the other. They must get hospital tickets, tickets at the college, certificates of attendance, tickets from the college registrar, tickets from the University registrar, and not only this but pay for every one of them and have to walk about for hours in order to do so, the various buildings not being closely situated. Such is a medical student's lot when it comes near examinations, and still he does nothing but grumble.

DRAZ ALEEN.

In the Apple Orchard.

For Saturday Night.

In the green orchard sitting,
Of care and strife unwitting,
Where through the branches flitting
The broken sunbeams fall,
Where russet, red and yellow,
The fruits show ripe and mellow;—
Oh, time that had no fallow!
Oh! sweet time to recall!

No thought was then of sorrow,
No dread of the to-morrow,
No seeking but to borrow
Full bliss of the to-day;
As pure as the first mother,
With no more doubts to smother,
We sang to one another
In joyful, childish play.

Alas! that such pure gladness
Should ever yield to sadness,
To passion's short-lived madness,
Or parting's stress and storm;
That both for lids and lashes
Life's bloom as swiftly passes
As shadows o'er the grasses
When autumn days were warm.

Yet youth is but the showing
Of promise, like the blowing
With earnest of fruit's growing.
Of blossoms red and white;
Sun-tried, by breezes shaken,
The germ must wait and waken,
Before by man is taken
Therefrom a full delight.

Cheer up! though heart-strings tighten
At memories that brighten
The by-gone days and lighten
With hope thy mist of fears;
Nor careless, nor forgetful,
Yet peaceful, though regretful;
What boots repining fretful
At flight of childish years.

MARIE HAWK.

"The Queen Can Do No Wrong."

Rudyard Kipling.

For Saturday Night.

"Some day I will be good to thee," she says,
And with those words I fed Hoppy's fickle fire,
And every day with longing on her gaze;
Perhaps to day will crown my bright desire?

But, ah! her loving smiles are not for me,
Ere day my heart with pain's more deeply scored
Her each command I slavishly obey
With many smiles, though hopeless of reward.

I think of her as of some glorious strain
Of music, that, though it but calls the tear
Into the eye, recalled with sad delight,
And for each drop, the memory's held more dear;
I'd not reproach her, though for that bright day
When she'll be kind, I should forever long;
I still shall serve her, still for her I'll smile,
And still shall sing, "The Queen can do no wrong."

H. W. O.

Saint and Sinner.

Half hidden in the pew she sits,
A truant sunbeam softly flits
Across her modest, saint-like face,
As if the angels thought to trace
Upon those features that they love
An Easter blessing from above.
Demure, with modest eyes cast down
My angel sits. Ah, I would fain
For forty days for just one look
From those sweet eyes bent on the book!
And if she'd give me three or four,
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS.
Those horrid aches (that dress is brown),
I wish those people would sit down.
Now where could she have got that fan?
Oh, I suppose some silly man.
Dear, dear, that chorus boy has cold.
How that man staves! He's really bold.
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?
I wish I'd taken one more look.
Umph! Who is that with the Platts?
What rights they are in those new hats.
There's Percy—won't he be enraged
When Clara tells him she's engaged?

My! What a fright! Beam is in blue;
It cost her ninety dollars, too!
Well, I paid eighty (what a nuisance!
But then, she always makes a fuss).
Oh, my! there's Satchley—such a lass!
(Those horrid palms! I've lost my place.)
I hope his sermon won't be long;
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.
Why, there is Fred! Dear me, what next?
I hope I won't forget the text.

—LIFE.

The Girl That I Didn't Get.

Yes, there is her picture, standing there,
The one with the full red face
And the laughing mouth, and the loose short hair,
And the brooch at her throat and the ace.
I know it is foolish to keep it there so,
To nourish the old regret;
But I should hate sadly to have her go,
The girl that I didn't get.

I put it away at first, I know,
In its leather frame and case;
And thought I could cherish my anger, and grow
To forget her name and her face.
But I found it was something I couldn't do—
I could only time and fret,
Till my anger cooled and I got blue,
For the girl that I couldn't get.

For I missed the laughing, good natured face,
As we miss an old friend that away?
So I put it back in the same old place
It had known for many a day.
The picture has faded, the leather looks brown
To-night 'neath the flame of the jet;
But still I don't think I can take it down—
The girl that I didn't get.

I suppose these are things that we must expect,
For the bright light of metal will rust,
And there's always a fungus that feeds on neglect,
And the clearest of glass gathers dust.
And of course I know, too, we're been growing away
From those old summer days when we met;
And there's many a change in us both since the day
Of the girl that I didn't get.

But whatever may come, or whatever may go—
Though the picture may fade year by year,
There's a very soft spot in my heart, where I know
Her image will always be clear.
And so I say—and I always will—
Good luck and God bless her yet,
With all my heart, for she has it still,
The girl that I didn't get.

N. Y. Mercury.

All Souls.

The service was over, the church growing dim,
Though still from a window the eastern sun
Touched the surpliced choir, as one by one
They passed me, singing the closing hymn.
And from each as they passed I caught a word,
In the different tones of each fresh young voice;
And one sang "Ours," and another "rejoice,"
While still from another "peace" I heard.
Till the great song died in majestic bars,
So each life, I thought, is a fragrant herb
To make some new message of goodness clear,
Till life's perfect hymn shall reach the stars.

—N. Y. Sun.

Noted People.

More than one million copies of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels have been sold.

It is said that Queen Emma, of Holland, does all the constitutional work of that kingdom.

King Humbert of Italy has often said, "I should wish to be a journalist were I not a king."

Beethoven was once deeply in love, but lacked the courage to make his affection known, and so lived and died devoted to his art and averse to social pleasure.

A fine St. Bernard dog is John Greenleaf Whittier's companion in his daily walks. The poet is fond of pets, and owns two cats, three dogs and three horses.

Mr. John Ford, late editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has gone to Europe as chief adviser and secretary to Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, who has left this country for his health.

The only woman chief of division in the United States government service is said to be Miss Kate Smith, of the Census Office in Washington. Her annual salary is \$1600.

The first American woman who ever entered a Chinese city was Mrs. Oscar, who has lately died. She circumnavigated the globe with her husband, a sea-captain, sixty years ago, and it was then that she visited China.

The Sultan of Turkey is at present an ardent student of the German language. He was able to carry on a short conversation in German with the ambassador recently sent by the Emperor of Germany to Constantinople. He professed great admiration for the poetry of Heine and Gebel.

A sister of the late Emma Abbott, Mrs. Clark, says that it is a mistake to suppose that the singer's maid burned up all of Miss Abbott's costumes, in accordance with deathbed instructions. It was only a small portion of her wardrobe, used in sickness, that was destroyed. The stage costumes were bequeathed to Mrs. Clark.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has practically settled that the title of her new book shall be *David*. Two volumes have been completed, and had it not been for the heavy correspondence entailed by University Hall the third would have been ready. Mrs. Ward has refused the most tempting offers from American syndicates for the rights of publication.

Miss Morse of Brooklyn wields a clever pencil, and earns a handsome living at designing book-covers for two of the largest publishing houses in New York city. This may not be the highest art, yet it is a dignified profession that commands richer profits than are often gained by the average woman who calls herself a legitimate artist.

Of Washington it is said that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was late, and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was:

"You will have to get another watch or I another secretary."

Napoleon used to say to his marshals:

"You may ask anything of me but time."

Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, who has been appointed president of the lady managers of the World's Fair, is a sister of Mrs. Fred Grant, and is not only a very beautiful woman, but is an able presiding officer, and is the mistress of several accomplishments. She has lived much abroad, and is said to know Europe as well as she knows her country.

Mr. George Meredith's admirers will be interested to learn that there is to be yet another novel from his pen before the long-expected *Journalist*. In that same story, *The Journalist*, by the way, there will be well defined portraits, not only of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who was long since announced, but of Mr. John Morley, Mr. Stead, and Mr. H. D. Traill.

The home of Olive Schreiner, the author of *Dreams and the Story of an African Farm*, is at Matjesfontein, Cape Colony. The place consists of a farm, a hotel, a mill, a warehouse, a station, and a few mean houses, and lies in the very heart of the wilderness, surrounded by such scenery as Mrs. Schreiner has often described in her books—level wastes of gray sand and ragged ridges of rock.

When the late General Sherman visited Europe a few years ago, he was lionized by the officers at Gibraltar, and he afterwards related that some of them expressed surprise at the knowledge of military strategy which was displayed during the Western and Southern campaigns of the Civil War. The general rather astonished his hosts by telling them that the strategy which the Americans carried out was the same as was taught by General Hamley in the British Staff College.

A story is told of the late Lord Beauchamp, who chanced once to be sitting next to a Transatlantic belle at an hotel at Florence. The fair one, with true American volubility, soon commenced to ply him with questions, among others, as to who he was. Lord Beauchamp, with characteristic politeness, having disclosed his name, proceeded to discourse upon his place in England, to all of which the lady listened with apparent interest. At length she exclaimed, "Ah! I suppose you made all your money by your celebrated pills!"

Mrs. Bishop, far better known as Miss Bird, the famous traveller, is a gentle-faced, gray-eyed lady, who wears the traditional breakfast cap and heavy, ugly house jewelry, the pride and joy of every Englishwoman's heart. Only very lately has she returned to her native land from a prolonged trip through Western Asia, where she went to establish a hospital in memory of her husband. In the Punjab she founded another hospital, as a memorial to her sister, and is now busily attending to the publication of a work on this latest journey through the Orient.

Lord Tennyson is well known for his apprehension of being mobbed, and many stories are circulated in regard to this monomania. One in an English paper says that Lord Tennyson was taking a country walk with a friend, when a fellow-creature was spied in the distance. "We must turn back," said the poet, "that fellow means to waylay us." His companion persuaded him, however, to continue on their path. They caught up the enemy and passed him. He took no notice of them whatever. "What an extraordinary thing," cried the irate poet, "the fellow seems to have no idea who I am!"

\$1,000 Reward!!

Three or four of us—bachelors in one of the settlements of the Nor'-West—had collected as usual one evening, at one of the "boys" farms and were idly loitering against the fence that surrounded his hay stack, condoling with one another on the hardness of our lots, when we were interrupted in an exhilarating conversation by the sudden arrival, on horseback, of another of the fraternity who electrified us by shouting the above alarming intelligence!

"What on earth's the matter? What are you talking about? Who is alive or dead? For goodness sake, Peter, tell us what is the matter!" we all shout together, probably with the idea it would help him to explain the news more easily.

"Well, if you fellows would only shut up and give me a chance, I'll try and tell you what it means," he replied.

"I have just come from the store, and there were a lot of chaps up there talking about some horse thieves. They say two half-breeds up West stole horses a little while ago, and when the owners came up with them, the breeds deliberately turned round and shot one of them dead!"

"The police have been on their trail ever since, some times being almost up with them, but so far they have kept ahead, and now they are supposed to be in hiding somewhere in this neighborhood. Two strange looking fellows were seen down on the flats of the river last night. The government offers \$1,000 reward alive or dead."

The effect of Peter's news was electrical. Here was a chance for glory. Every "man" (the eldest was not 21) felt that the time had come.

Here were two blood-thirsty monsters wandering at large in our own settlement. That they would be desperate, we knew, for being guilty of murder, they were sure of the gallows in any case, and it could not put them in a more desperate position, were they to shoot half-a-dozen more.

As to the reward of \$1,000, I really don't believe we gave it a thought. Nor did we pause to make enquiries as to whether the wild story was true in every particular. Of the fact that there had been a murder committed very lately, and that the police were on the trail Peter had satisfied himself, for amongst the crowd at the store were two or three men who had actually seen and spoken to the police that very morning, while they were resting their horses at a village, some eighteen miles from ours.

Whence the rumour emanated, that two suspicious looking men had been seen in the valley of the river, he could not ascertain, but the fact of there being an Indian reserve near the river bank was good ground we thought for crediting the rumor. It was so probable, we said, that the "breeds," finding themselves so hard pushed and the police so close behind, would make for the valley as near to the reserve as possible, hiding themselves by day in some of the deep, dark gullies, and creeping out by night to some of the Indians on the reserve to get provisions and news as to the whereabouts of the dreaded police.

That the Indians would scruple to hide murderers never crossed our minds.

That all Indians were cruel, crafty, treacherous and bloodthirsty by nature, we firmly believed. How could we think otherwise! Most of the knowledge we had of the Red Man at that time of our lives, had been derived from dime novels, whose author's acquaintance with Indians often did not extend further than the artistic savages who are to be seen mounting guard at the entrance of cigar stores.

"Come on over to my shanty," said Peter, "and we will hold a council of war. I've got lots of fire-arms." And so he had. His place was known as The Armory. He had collected a stock of weapons sufficiently large to arm the settlement. Repeating rifles, sniders, shot-guns, revolvers, air-guns, sword sticks, boxing gloves (the latter bear evidences of my sufferings on them yet), and almost every other kind of deadly weapon. Ugh! it makes my blood run cold to think of them.

Away we went—helmet-skelter!—over to Peter's. No time to do chores! Let the cattle rustle! We were going to do or die.

Arrived at his place, we all arranged ourselves as comfortably as we could, for the discussion of the plan of campaign. One sat on the churn, one on the table, another got in a bunk—everyone to his fancy.

Many were the plans we laid—endless the proposals before we finally decided on our course of action. There were four of us in the spree—Peter, Fred, Corry and I. Horses were the difficulty. We felt we must be well mounted, and ours were heavy plough horses, excepting mine. And he wasn't much of anything. But he had been. This was the plan:

Forces—Cavalry and mounted infantry; cavalry—Pete, Fred and myself; mounted infantry and scout—Corry and camera, and pony and cart.

As far as I can learn, our's was the first force that ever took the field with a photographic camera, in place of heavy artillery. At break of day the cavalry was to advance on the valley. We were to divide into three bodies, (I fervently hoped it wouldn't be into any more before the day was over). One body was to advance along the river flats, one skirt along the woods that grew upon the slope of the valley, one along the edge, on the prairie, all to head towards the reserve. So much for the cavalry. The mounted infantry and camera was to disguise himself as an itinerant photographer and invade the Indian reserve itself, ostensibly taking photographs of pretty bits of scenery, but in reality, trying to gain any information of the enemy. All the forces were to meet at an appointed rendezvous on the borders of the reserve, at one o'clock sharp, to report progress. Wasn't that a brainy scheme.

Having completed our plans we proceeded to arm ourselves. Peter took the Winchester, Fred the Snyder. I had the big duck gun and a very large Colt's revolver. The mounted infantry armed itself with a sword stick and a policeman's baton. Having completed our arrangements, and the hour being now very late, or rather very early, we retired to try and snatch a few hours rest before taking the field.

The morning of June 18, 188—, broke clear and cloudless—so I am told—for unfortunately having been very exhausted with our preparations and excitement the night before, the army overslept itself, and did not awaken until the sun was high in the heavens. However, when it did, all was bustle and confusion in the shanty. The mounted infantry was dressed before the cavalry—having gone to bed with his boots on.

I rushed out anxiously to see if my charger, Black Phantom, was all right, as he had a nasty habit of breaking his tether-ropes. However, there he was tied to the fence just as I left him all safe, and—I was going to say sound, but like G. Washington I never told a lie.

In a few minutes all was ready, the mounted infantry hitched up his Shaganappi (native pony) to his cart, loaded on the camera and deployed for the reserve.

Peter ordered "boot and saddle" and Fred and I mounted, which was not quite so easy as it sounds, the duck-gun I had slung across my back was a brute of a weapon, and seemed to extend at least a yard on each side. However, by taking Phantom unawares I succeeded in getting up, and away we went for the valley. Formation three divisions. It did not take us long to reach the edge of the valley. Arrived there we called a halt. According to the plan of the previous evening, the cavalry was to separate into three bodies, one to push along the bottom of the valley, one along the side of the hills and one on the prairie edge of the valley on the top.

Being now really on the "war path" I for one was quite restless, so I elected to stay on the top of the valley while the others went down, for I argued if Fred and Peter went beating through the bush they might come on the murderers unawares, and probably there would be bloodshed. Whereas, if I rode along the top I could see everything and give them warning in time. Dear fellows, I never fully realized what affection they had for me before! They both seemed so reluctant to let me sacrifice myself in this way. However, I was obstinate, and finally, after a parting grip of the hands, the cavalry deployed and took up their allotted positions. It was agreed before we separated that if any detachment saw anything suspicious he should fire one shot; if the enemy was sighted near by, two shots were to be fired; if we came right on them, let fly the whole magazine.

Have you ever, gentle reader, patrolled along the edge of a lonely valley? If you have you will readily understand my feelings. I was alone with Nature and Phantom. The sun shone brightly, the air was fragrant with the breath of flowers, the birds warbled sweetly, the—all the rest of it. And gradually, as half an hour passed and then another, my blood became cooler and I commenced to look at the business in another light.

What a dreadful thing it would be to take a human life, richly as these scoundrels deserved death. Why should I be the instrument? It wasn't any of my funeral, anyway.

I hope I shall not have to do it. I hope I have shown my desire to do my duty without having to shoot anyone. I hope—I hope those other fellows haven't gone home, thought I.

A couple of hours passed and no sign of the enemy, nor had I seen anything of the other cavalry. The Phantom and I were getting hungry, and I thought it was time to be heading for the rendezvous.

Hark! what's that? Crack! crash! snap! My heart stood still. Someone coming up the bank for sure. I could hear the twigs and dead wood breaking. "Steady, Phantom!" (he would keep nibbling the grass). I had no time to unlumber the duck gun.

I grasped the Colts and waited. Nearer and nearer came the sounds. Presently, above the edge appeared the barrels of a gun, then the brim of a hat. I raised my pistol, took aim, and—

"Whoa, Dolly."

Pete never fully realized how narrowly he had escaped death. He, like myself, had been thinking it was about time to meet the mounted infantry.

"Where's Fred?" I inquired.

"The last time I saw him he was scouting along all right," Pete replied.

"Suppose we join forces and go along the valley to the trying place. We might meet Fred on the way," I suggested. Pete agreed and wheeled his force into line with mine.

We rode along for about a mile without anything unusual occurring, until we came to a pretty thick bluff bordering a deep gully that broke the side of the valley. We had to ride carefully and bend low to escape the low branches that threatened to sweep us off our horses. Peter was a little ahead; I brought up the rear guard. Suddenly a shot rang out in the clear air. We reined up and listened. Then another—and another.

"By Jove! Fred's in it," Peter shouted. "Ride for your life; they may finish him before we can get up!" He pointed forward.

I thought the shots were behind us. I felt sure of it, so I rode for my life. Peter was always impetuous, and I had hard work to stay with him. Crash! bang! through the trees. I thought every moment I should strike a branch.

Bang! bang! "Help! help!" No mistake now. Fred was battling for his life. We came to the edge of the gully and could see the smoke of the rifles below, but nothing else. The brush was too thick down the sides to attempt riding down. "Cavalry dismount," Peter shouted. I sprang off Phantom, grasping my Colts' tighter, and rushed down the slope after Peter. "Oh the wild charge we made!" More shots! Help! help!

I let off my revolver to encourage Fred, and nearly took off Peter's ear. We reached the bottom of the gully, broke through the brush, and there was poor Fred almost bent double, hanging on like grim death to the bridle of his horse, of which only the head, neck and part of the back was visible. He had unsuspectingly ridden along the bottom of the gully clean into a muskeg, a kind of bottomless swamp, with a thin crust of dead wood, leaves and mould on its surface, which bore his weight for a few seconds and then gave way. If we had not arrived when we did the mare would have disappeared for ever. Hence the shots and shouts. It took us two hours to get her out, and then

An Insult.



Charlie—What an annoying thing! Blank, the tailor, has offered my account for sale. Amy—And I suppose it was bought by somebody who will force you to pay! Charlie—No. Nobody would make him an offer for it.—*Munsey's.*

another hour to catch the Phantom, who had left for home shortly after I left him.

At four o'clock that afternoon the cavalry arrived at the rendezvous. No sign of the mounted infantry. I regret to have to say it, but the other two detachments of cavalry indulged in language of such an extent as to call forth my severest censure.

At 5.30 the mounted infantry arrived, having lost himself for four hours, and grazed his shins, besides being very personal about the whole affair.

At half-past nine that evening the troops arrived back at the "Armory," having been without food since morning.

Some months afterward we had the satisfaction of hearing that the half-breeds were captured just over the line at a point about two hundred miles from our settlement.

The troop of mounted police that had been seen in our vicinity had been sent down in case the "breeds" headed our way. H. C. M.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

The last regular business meeting of this society took place last Saturday evening in Convocation Hall, the president in the chair. There was a very fair attendance, considering how busy the majority of law students are just now, wading as intelligently as possible through the ten or fifteen thousand pages of the driest kind of law preparatory to their May examinations.

The secretary, Mr. Lamport, had neglected to bring the key of the society strong box in which the archives repose, and as we are unfortunately not yet provided with "a complete set of burglar's tools," the minutes of last meeting could not be read.

The programme was opened by a song from Mr. Anderson, Seeing Nellie Home. Although the singer did not respond to the encore, still we now know enough about his ability to see that he does not escape us next season. Mr. A. A. Adams read an essay on *The Life and Works of Longfellow*. The essayist's criticisms were good, and the tender pathos with which he rendered some of his subject's choicest morsels abundantly showed that he has a goodly vein of true poetic fire concealed about his person, and stirred the souls of the law student auditory, than whom are none more susceptible to the tender influences of poetry and love.

The debate on *The Advisability of Introducing the Division Court System into the High Court Procedure* was not very well sustained, the leader of the affirmative, Mr. A. E. Elliot, proving recreant to his trust and not turning up. However, Mr. W. B. Taylor made a good speech for the negative, being supported by Mr. Kerr, and the affirmative was upheld by Mr. G. J. Ashworth. The president decided in favor of the negative.

Mr. Smellie applied on behalf of the Hockey Club for a grant of \$20, which was carried by a large majority. The society are very proud of their team, who as exponents of one of Canada's winter games, proved themselves only second to the Granites, winning six matches out of eight, and even when they met their Waterloo, their flag went down, as one of the speakers felicitously observed: "Amid black eyes and dilapidated shins," and their

redoubtable opponents were constrained to yell right lustily for "Night or Blucher." Speaking of Waterloo, reminds me that one of the stars of the team, and also of the football field, bears a striking likeness to the First Napoleon. However, the resemblance is not altogether complete, as he is by no means a bony party.

The date of the public debate has been finally fixed for April 10, when Mr. Justice Falconbridge has consented to take chair. Invitations can be procured by the members from the secretary or any of the committee of management. The following is the programme:

Overture.....	GLASS CLUB
Chairman's Address.....	MRS. CALDWELL
Song.....	Mrs. F. D. STEWARD
Recitation.....	DEBATE.
Affirmative.....	Mr. J. H. FISH.
Negative.....	Mr. W. T. J. LEE.
	Mr. E. M. JONES.
	Mr. J. D. SWANSON.
Song.....	MRS. CALDWELL
Overture.....	GLASS CLUB

It is expected that there will be a large attendance. LEX.

Too Much Sleep.

There is enough said about people's not getting enough sleep. Somebody ought to talk about the evils of oversleeping. Let's start out with the proposition that healthy, rational people need eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. That's what all the books and the wise persons say, so nobody is going to question that very stoutly. Now, if you get four or five hours' sleep, or only two or three, you are likely to feel the worse for it the next day. You will feel drowsy and heavy, no doubt, but with some sudden spur you usually find that you can wake up to even keener effort than usual. Don't you? But the heaviness and drowsiness that come with oversleeping—is there anything half so bad? It won't be shaken off. It presses down on you like a nightmare. Your head aches; you remember seeing a temperance lecturer once cook the white of an egg in a tumbler by pouring alcohol upon it, and he told you that was what happened to the brain of a drunkard. You feel that your brain has got into exactly that cooked and hardened state. You are so drowsy that you are afraid of falling asleep every time you sit down. Your eyelids weigh a pound or so apiece, and you can hardly lift them. You are sodden with sleep. You feel like the travelers who get lost in the snow. You'd rather lie down and get to sleep than anything else in the world—even if you were told you would never wake up again. When you do sleep, the sleeping is only a series of nightmares. In waking and walking some benumbing spell is upon you; you feel neither shame, nor ambition, nor pity, nor any of the sentiments that afflict mankind. That is, you feel this way if you sleep ten hours instead of eight, and are as all like anybody else that The Woman ever heard of.

Always Going.

Elsie—Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded.
Ada—Indeed!
Elsie—Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue.
Ada—Well, he won't do the latter again.—*N.Y. Ledger.*

Lenten Diversions.

Strict Rector—My dear, I am astonished to hear that you went the theater during Lent.
Young Lady—It isn't wicked to talk during Lent, is it?
"Of course not, but you went to a play."
"I went with a theater party, and we paid no attention to the play."—*N.Y. Weekly.*

How She Got Him.



He—Here comes the new countess and her husband. She bought him at the Woolley matrimonial bureau.
She—Dear me! he's evidently a job lot.—*Judge.*

sequently, he will speak of it in delirium. You are not to be disturbed by this. I had no such thought, indeed," interrupted Helen, hastily. "I speak from what I have thought during these terrible days of waiting, and from what was said and done in the courtroom to-day. As you know, I went there against your wish and that of my husband, but only because I would be certain as to the truth and evidence brought to bear for or against him. I must know what was to come. I would have him prove innocent, but also know for myself that there was not a hint of guilt upon him. I knew that this was necessary, if ever I would return to my husband's home. You know my people as well as I. So long as there remains doubt of the guilt of my husband in this horrible murder, they would not allow me to take back my promise and return to him. I could not ask it, knowing that I would be refused."

"What we have to do, Frank Whitney—and you are his friend as well as mine—is to work in some powerful way—some way which money will open—to discover the true murderer, though it takes a fortune to do it. I must know, and I will!"

She drew back from him, magnificent in her pride and her passion, calm though she kept her voice. Her dark eyes flashed like fires as they were raised to his. Her red lips shut with remarkable determination over the last words. Her dainty head was lifted like a queen's. There was no hint of ill upon her name or her husband. There should be none upon that of her husband.

Her husband's counsel stood regarding her for a moment in silence, as though—the frown deepening upon his brow—as though to be very certain that she was to be trusted. His eyes were unusually keen and stern, meeting those of her husband's. Very of his friend's wife. He let her withdraw her hands from his and turned from her after this close scrutiny, forgetful, she thought, looking after him, of her presence. But she was not a woman easily to be forgotten, and he had not forgotten her. He turned from her, this deep frown of perplexity and thought upon his brow, and paced the room.

There was some indescribable change upon his face, and a pallor unnatural to this self-contained man of the world. But he went up to her and did not flinch from her passionate eyes, and the frown was gone from his face. He stood quietly and distinctly he spoke. She listened to him in that proud, still manner of hers, that came only with this deadly charge upon her husband. Her mind was clear to comprehend his meaning, and her pride was equal to his. Long and earnestly they talked in the still room, with only the dull murmur of wind and the low murmur of the wind at the windows waking the silence.

And when they returned to the side of the patient, there was a gravity upon both that fell during that time of conversation upon the outcome of which Roy Hilton's fate must hang.

As Helen bent over her husband's bed to see that he was indeed sleeping as his closed eyes led her to believe, they opened suddenly upon her with the vacant stare that chilled her heart to see; and starting up in bed, trembling with his excitement, he whispered hoarsely, clutching her arm to draw her down the better to listen.

"And I tell you—any man who dares breathe—insult to her—may hold his life—cheaply—in my hands!" (To be continued.)

What She Did With Herself.

"I won't go—not if I can help myself." The girl who said it was a straight, lithe creature, with a slender waist and well turned head, and a face rather bright and sensible than merely pretty. She was tripping down the steps of a handsome house, as she spoke; the house which had long been her home, but was not to be much longer.

The girl was Rachel Chalmers. Her father, Robert Chalmers, went to his business in the city daily, by early train, and Rachel and one of her sisters almost always walked through the great beech wood between the house and the railroad to meet him when he came down at night.

What is it? Do men who travel daily on trains become careless? Thousands of times, in the years since he had left home, Rachel had met Mr. Chalmers get on and off the platform in perfect safety. But coming down one night he made some mis-step, and they carried a shattered, broken form home to his family.

As is often the case, his affairs proved involved to a degree nobody had dreamed of. There would be enough left for a living for the widow and four girls, but not in the style they had always maintained.

Mrs. Chalmers was one of those pretty, helpless women who knew very well how to spend money, but had not the least idea how to take care of it. Harriet, Laura and Sue, the three older daughters, were fair copies—very fair indeed, for they were great beauties—of mamma.

Not a grain of practical sense in any of them, except the youngest and plainest of them all, our Rachel. When the fact of the smallness of their means was known to them, mamma and the three beauties only looked helplessly at each other, and said:

"What shall we do?"

Ray said: "That isn't enough. I shall support myself." "Good gracious, Ray! What could you do?" cried the female chorus.

"I don't know. But I can find something," stoutly returned Ray. "Wash dishes, if nothing better offers."

"Oh, horrid! And you couldn't make your shoes at that!" cried the chorus.

"Then I'll go barefooted," returned Ray, as stoutly as before.

But while they lamented, came a letter from an uncle of Mr. Chalmers, a rich old bachelor, whom everybody called queer. He wrote that he was going to Europe—might settle in Paris—didn't have any womankind, and didn't want to live and die alone. If they chose to go abroad with him, they might come to bequeath him a goodly sum of money, and add a thousand a year to their income. In return they might take care of and amuse him. Would they go?

To go to Europe, especially to Paris, had been a life-dream with the beauties. Go! I should think so! If money had been ten times as scarce as it was, and half-a-dozen patchy old uncles to take care of instead of one.

Mrs. Chalmers drew a long, long sigh of relief and put the question at once. Three "Yeases" greeted her instantly. One faint "no" from Rachel.

"Rachel Chalmers! what do you mean?" cried the girls, while mamma looked annoyed and surprised—not so much surprised, either! Ray was always the odd chick among her stately swans.

"I mean I don't want to be dependent on Uncle Simon or anybody else," said Ray. "I want to stay here and work for myself."

"None of your nonsense! What could you do?" they asked a second time.

"I told you before I didn't know. And I don't yet. But I'll find out."

"Don't be foolish, Ray," said her mother. "What if Uncle Simon does supply the money? He has plenty, and he might as well share it at least until some of the girls marry. There may be good chances over there."

"Sue, you can have my chance, for the money and the matrimony, too," said Ray, rising and putting on her hat.

else for all I have. And I don't want to go away—this was papa's country and he loved it. I cannot leave it—I can't leave him. I have two hands! Why shouldn't I work? Other girls have—and so can I!"

"Of course you can! But what is it, Ray?" Ray turned suddenly, but not frightened. She knew that voice—that slow, soft drawl belonged to nobody but Teddy Lucien—her old friend, Ted.

"Oh, it's you, Teddy!" she said. "Was I talking aloud? I'm sure I got scolded enough at home for that silly habit."

"You certainly were talking aloud, Ray. But I wasn't eavesdropping, and I didn't hear any harm of myself, either."

"I wasn't talking about you, it was myself this time," said Ray, smiling.

"Any secrets?" asked Ted.

Then he told him all about it. Teddy Lucien was their near neighbor. They had played together as children, and always been good friends. Ted was a good fellow, and Ray liked him. The rest laughed at him and called him "dandy," but Ray excused him. If he was a little weak, what wonder? He was a rich man's son, and never had anything to do but dress and amuse himself, and there was a kind heart in Ted, she always said, and they shouldn't tease him.

She could talk with her old playmate easier than with any one else, so he soon knew all about Uncle Simon's letter, and all the rest of it, except that she meant to go to work. She would not tell that, even to him, until she had some sure foundation to build upon.

Teddy sided with her at once.

"Oh, no, you mustn't go, Ray," he said. "I'd miss you dreadfully."

"Wouldn't I have any one to quarrel with, would you?" said Ray, laughing.

"We don't always quarrel. You've been my good friend and helped me out of many a scrape, Ray, and I don't want to lose it all, you know. But—where will you stay?"

"I don't know yet," answered Ray. "But I'll find some way to manage it."

Then Ted seemed to grow thoughtful, and sometimes did not hear what Ray said as they walked along. But when they were parting, he said:

Ray, maybe I'll have something to tell you before long.

"Very well. I walk out here almost every day. Of course I'll help you if I can," said Ray, and wondered as she went up the steps what scrape Ted Lucien had got into now.

But she forgot it in a day or two, over her own plans. She hoped she had found her work, and she wrote an eager letter to plead for her. A letter which brought her an answer even before she had hoped for one, and decided the vexed question at home.

For she steadily refused to go to Europe, and Mrs. Chalmers and the girls were worried to know what was to be done with her when they were gone.

The afternoon after her answer came, she went out again to the beech wood, and when she saw Theodore Lucien leaning against a huge trunk waiting for her, she hastened to him, thinking, regretfully, "I forgot all about Ted!"

"I was wishing for you," he said, as she came near. "How bright you look to-day, Ray!"

"Do I?" said she. "Well, I've disposed of some little worries, I suppose that accounts for it. Ted, didn't you have something to tell me?"

"Yes, I did—I have, Ray. It is about your going off with the rest—I know a way, if you'll take it, and stay."

"Rhyme without reason," laughed Ray, thinking that she knew a better one. "What is it, Ted? I'm sure you're kind to interest yourself for me."

"I wish I was sure you thought so! Or, would, after you hear it," said Teddy, dubiously. "Ray—would you—marry me?"

Ray looked up thunderstruck. She had never dreamed of such a possibility.

"Why, Ted Lucien, are you mad?" she said. His face dropped instantly through its eager look. "Don't make sport of me, Ray!" he said.

"Indeed I didn't mean to," Ray instantly answered. "But, Teddy, dear, what in the world have you got to keep a wife on?"

"Father will give me plenty," he said, eagerly. "And I'd be so good to you, I would indeed! I'd do everything to please you, Ray!"

"I know you would," said Ray, gently. "Then couldn't you—please, dear?" he pleaded.

"Oh, Teddy, I couldn't, indeed, I couldn't," and Ray's heart ached as she had to say so coolly that which she saw was giving the generous fellow pain.

"You don't like me, then?" said Teddy, gloomily.

"Ever so much, dear Ted. I love you, as a friend, brother, playmate, anything except—that!"

"Then it's no use. But I do love you, Ray. And I'm worried for your future."

"Thank you, Ted. But my future is provided for. See here, Ted!" She drew a letter from her pocket, and held it toward him, adding, "Read this!"

But he put his hand behind him.

"No, Ray. I don't want to read your love letters. I suppose some fellow has been more lucky than I have, that's all."

"No, Teddy. This is a business letter, not a love letter. Please read it."

Ted took the letter. It was from a well-known city firm, and it gave Miss Rachel Chalmers a situation as bookkeeper, at nine hundred dollars a year, and that was how Ray was provided for. Teddy was astonished and indignant, and protested with all his might.

It was not fair for her to work and all the rest be idle, he said. Why couldn't she go and enjoy herself, too?

"I shouldn't enjoy it at all, Teddy," she said. "It would make me miserable to drag on, dependent upon my relations for all I had. It's no disgrace to work, Teddy! I love people who are energetic and industrious and all that. I honor workmen and women above all others."

"Then I suppose if I had been a mechanic with hands as black as coal, I'd have stood a better chance with you?" said Teddy, gloomily.

"Yes, you would, Teddy! I couldn't love any man who was a mere idler, dawdling through life without any purpose. Suppose all men were like that! I would not have a great work done! Any fine buildings or railroads or telegraphs or machines or—"

"Or any wives, if the girls were all like you," Ray! interrupted Teddy. "I dare say you're right, but it's dreadful hard on a fellow. Is there no hope at all for me, Ray?"

Ray saw that he was deeply in earnest, and it really pained her to say to him that there was no hope. But she couldn't help it. It had all come so suddenly—even if he were not a dandy idler, she never thought of loving Ted—she was sure she didn't, and she couldn't marry without that.

So she still said nay to him, and to the rest when they begged her to give up her plan and go to Europe with them.

They were off at last, reluctantly going to Boston without her, while she established herself in a pleasant boarding-place in the city. And to her great surprise, a few days after mamma and the girls were gone, she received a letter from Uncle Simon, enclosing a check for five hundred dollars.

He was not angry or offended, as they had all thought he would be. He wrote a very kind letter, saying he honored her for her brave independence, and sent her the gift lest she might be sick and so lose her salary, and need means. And he told her if she found her work too hard, he would send her money to come to them any time.

visit now and then to her father's grave of a Sunday afternoon, and he would be glad to see her duties was all she allowed herself.

She never saw Teddy. And it troubled her more than she would own.

"I was his best friend, and I did not think he would have so utterly deserted me," she often said, longing for the sight of his kind, handsome face.

But one afternoon, six months after she went into Fletcher and Burke's store, as she was going from her work (it was during the warm season, when the stores close at five o'clock) she met Teddy Lucien in Market street face to face.

He greeted her warmly, and it struck her at once there was something different about him from the Teddy of six months ago.

"Why don't you come over and see me?" said he presently. "I thought you would when I got so near you."

"Go near where? What do you mean, Teddy?" asked Ray.

"Didn't you know I was your neighbor in the city?" asked he.

"No, indeed! Where and how, Teddy?"

"Come round here and I'll show you. 'Tisn't far, come and see, Ray."

She walked with him round a block or two, into Sixth street, and there over a handsome china store he showed her the sign, in black and gold, "Garner & Lucien," and on an open work brass banner below it she read, "Fine China, Lamps, and Glassware."

She looked at Teddy in utter amazement.

"It isn't!"

"Me?" he finished for her. "Yes, it is. 'I've joined your work-army, Ray. If I don't work with my hands I'm junior in this establishment, do the work, too, for I'm going over to Bremen and Dresden shortly, to buy fine ware. It's likely I'll go to Paris, too, Ray, and see your mother and the girls.'"

They were standing at the window now, as if examining the costly treasures inside, but Ray had turned her face and did not answer.

Ted bent a little and got one glance at her, and then he said quickly:

"Ray! couldn't you go with me and see them, too? Come, darling, I am serving to win you. How long must I serve for my Rachel? May I have her now?"

Ray lifted her face bright, beaming, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, and said:

"She isn't worth having, Teddy, but if you want her—yes!"

And so Fletcher & Burke lost their book-keeper, but Mrs. Ted Lucien never had cause to regret doing what she did with herself, and to-day Ray's husband is one of the leading business men in a great city, and has no more time to study the cut of his coat or the twist of his mustache, while his elegant wife is one of its happiest women.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Column, SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.]

IONA.—See Joyce.

MARY ANN.—See Joyce.

M. E. G.—The former is not good form and the latter is quite correct.

W. R.—You are impulsive, erratic, careless, vivacious and high-spirited.

GLADYS.—You are impulsive, thoughtless, careless, generous and cheerful.

VIRGIN D.—You are probably cordial, sensitive, misanthropic and a little selfish.

HOPE.—You are genial, decisive, vivacious, methodical and quick-tempered.

BEA.—This writing betokens originality, fair order, impulse and self-esteem.

NELL.—In this writing I see order, reserve, kindness of heart and self-reliance.

PARIS.—You are very careless, warm-tempered, a little vain and somewhat self-reliant.

LITTLE BROWN EYES.—You are somewhat self-esteeming, sincere, unselfish and resolute.

ATLANTA.—In this writing I see reserve, conscientiousness and determination.

B.—In this writing I see variable temper, wit, resolution, pride, sensitiveness and sympathy.

GOE ROSE.—In this writing I see candor, tenderness, cordiality, sensitiveness and self-will.

JESSIE.—This writing exhibits candor, suspicion, good executive ability and deftness of finger.

ANTICIPATION.—This shows mirth, power of endurance, fondness for social life and splendid intuition.

CHERRIE LUT.—In your writing I see denoted an even temper, mildness and perseverance, with some self-esteem.

CYNTHIA.—This shows intuitive perception, ambition, energy, some ostentation and decided sensitiveness.

A.—This shows some self-esteem, dislike of ostentation, affectionate disposition, candor and gentleness.

B. C. D.—Your writing shows method, cordiality, self-reliance, and some perseverance.

SWET.—You are erratic in disposition, cordial, hasty-tempered, generous, inclined towards exaggeration and energetic.

VERONICA AND EUGENE.—This writing displays tact, candor, justice, some self-esteem and considerable independence of thought.

CHILD HARBOR.—I'm afraid you are flippant—flippant and unsettled, though your writing denotes fair ambition, joviality and perseverance.

DENISE.—Oh, Denise, you are indolent. It would be hard to live with you, and you are good-natured, careless, flippant, and heart-hearted.

BREN.—Your little letter of kindness and confidence has just been opened. If I may here that you want to send your love to the mother, I will be sure to see it.

NOVUS.—Your writing exhibits sympathy, generosity, tenderness, originality, cheerfulness and carelessness.

NO, I did not hear the little lad. It was, perhaps, a misfortune.

ALBA.—My dear correspondent, I am much afraid that I cannot do anything to help you about those eyes. If it were just a matter of occasional trouble from wind or overwork, rest and the simple lotion would help them, but I fear that there is something radically wrong with them, and, if I were you, I would see an oculist about them. It was no trouble to answer your questions, and I am so sorry about your eyes.

A WISE JUDGMENT.—Your letter was interesting. Indeed, I did wonder how you got hold of it there. You must have opportunities of sharp contrast in having lived in the north and the south, too. Will you write again sometime something about your life and the country and address to Clipp Carew at this office? 2 Your writing shows vivacity, justice, warmth of feeling, a hasty temper, some vanity, and decided merit.

EOU.—Ah, I feel for you—how much you will never know—but, as I have often said before in this column, do not hasten the matter, and, relying on your own womanly feeling and your evident knowledge of human nature, you will not mistake your life path. It is too serious to treat lightly, and I was glad to read your excellent thoughts and your sober questionings. The enclosed shows earnestness of purpose, tenderness, vanity, considerable selfishness, enterprise and impulse.

HILARITY.—The coat of arms was used as a distinguishing mark of position in the long ago. Carriages, linen and all personal accessories were marked with the coat of arms. The crest is only a part, properly the decoration of the helmet, but the terms are now used loosely. Anyone can adopt a crest and motto for their use, but it seems a foolish imitation, and if I were you I should use my monogram instead. That, at least, is your indolence and one cannot tell writing shows impulse, pride, generosity, tenderness and self-reliance.

WHITTAKER.—The old rhyme goes, "Born of a Sunday, fair of face and true of heart," but as much truth in a grain of fact as there is in all the other dear old superstitions and predictions which we are "brought up on." 2 It was a wise man who said that a first was a woman who took desperate chances of being an old maid. So now do be good. Do you suppose I am going to waste my time over your writing when I have given you one delineation? The dumb waiter awaiting their turns would find voices to drive me frantic if I did.

SARAH.—The picture represents Prince Charles, or "Bonnie Prince Charlie," as the Scotch people called him, taking leave of that Miss Macdonald who used her influence and her fortune in his behalf. 2 You cannot pay the duty here. It must be paid by the recipient, and one cannot tell how much. 3 No; it is not improper, but a very delicate compliment. 4 I have heard that oyster oil will turn the hair white. Did you go down to the Art Exhibition? I am almost sure that you did and I know you enjoyed the fine pictures, and looked at here and there filling your busy brain with ideas, and pleased beyond the power of speech.

Your writing shows tireless energy, intuitive perception, self-will, strength of purpose, tenderness, a lack of self-control and decided cheerfulness with some carelessness. Will you send me a specimen of the pen which will find you, I want to write you a private letter.

For Malaria.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. E. G. DAVIES, DeSmet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was impure, and found it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

Burned or Buried.

A Paris newspaper has received some interesting and amusing answers to the lugubrious question addressed to leading literary Frenchmen: "Do you prefer to be buried or cremated?" "Incinerated the French call it," "Burned, burned," answers Sardou. "I shall have much more pleasure in being burned." Francis Coppée, the poet, says he does not fear death, but will prefer to be buried to rest with his parents in the family tomb. Leconte de Lisle, another poet, says he has "no desire either to be buried or cremated." Alphonse Daudet considers that "the two methods are equally disagreeable." Father Hyacinthe Loyson is not personally interested in the disposition of his body after death. "The question is," he says, "to see that no one is interred alive—which happens more frequently than people imagine." "My dear confere, it is a paragraph from my will you want," writes Zola. His opinion is that "cremation has cleanliness on its side, but I fear it will be slow to establish itself, because it wounds the affection we have for our dead. As to my personal tastes, I have not yet been interrogated, but I really think it would be best to leave the choice of the decision to those whom we leave behind and who love us." Franckmeyer Sarcey, the famous dramatic critic, if he died in Paris, would prefer to be "incinerated," and considers that cremation is the best mode of disposing of the dead. The venerable Jules Simon, writes, "I have not made the choice. It is probable that I won't make a will, having nothing to leave to anyone. My children will choose the method which will cause them the least pain. I leave to them the option of pre-

ference."

WHY?

WHEREFORE?

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It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

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NEVER FAILS.

NEVER FAILS.

NEVER FAILS.

NEVER FAILS.

NEVER FAILS.

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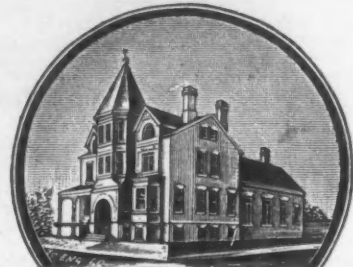
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Are only examples of what he has to show if you will call in. Send your partially worn shoes too, and have them made as good as new.

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His Choice.
One girl had lots of money and his other girl had none; but the wealthy girl declined him, so he took the other one.
—Judge.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

yellow chick whose head unscrewed and whose plump little body held just thirteen eggs.

The assemblies given under the auspices of the Royal Grenadiers have been indeed pleasurable events. The third and last one will, I am sure, prove a worthy successor to the former ones. Perhaps there will be even more zest with regard to this one, for the inattention of Lenten days will prove a sharper of appetites for social joys.

Mrs. J. W. Scales of Wellington place gave an At Home for young people on Tuesday evening last, at which the little hostess, Miss Maud Scales, proved an efficient and charming entertainer.

On Friday and Saturday afternoons of next week, Prof. Lott, Mus. Doc. of London, Eng., will lecture in Trinity Convocation Hall on the Music of the Ancients, and Rameau as a Theorist and Musician.

Le soiree Francaise donnee Samedi dernier chez Mme. Beard, rue Jarvis, a été la mieux réussie de toutes, et les nombreux invités en garderont longtemps le souvenir.

Quatre charmantes Torontonaises ont véritablement charmé l'auditoire. Elles sont venues reciter de petits morceaux Français, composés par la circonstance par M. Coutellier. Les morceaux étaient relatifs aux différents pays représentés par chacune de ces dames.

Mme. Denison s'est d'abord présentée en costume d'Anversoise, puis est apparue : Mlle. L. Taylor, retentit d'un délicieux costume d'espagnole, ensuite est arrivée le tour ; Mlle. F. Taylor, charmante sous son costume de Hollandaise ; et aussi Mlle. Graham, est venue sous les atours d'une jeune Suédoise. Son costume était on ne peut plus réussi. Les morceaux ont été parfaitement rendus. M. Coutellier a alors recité un des ses monologues, et on s'est séparé en se donnant rendez-vous pour Samedi le 4 Avril, chez Mme. Proctor, 71 rue Grenville. Parmi les personnes présentes nous pouvons citer : M. M. Rowan, Meyer, Hill, Jones, Mason, Foster, Desileys, Friedewald, Catto, Dr. Graham, Mesdames Macdonald, Proctor, Smith, Denison, Carveth, Savigney, Square, Graham, Fox, Miles, Taylor, L. Taylor, MacMahon, Langlois, Ellis, Hamilton, Graham, Martin, Howson, Trotter, et quelques autres dont les noms nous échappent.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleisher (nee Helen Gregory) and her mother, Mrs. Gregory, left Hamilton on Saturday last for California, the latter for a visit of several months. Mrs. Fleisher will continue to contribute as usual to journals and magazines, and in her maiden name.

Mr. S. H. Clark is giving readings in Boston and vicinity during Easter week.

Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood gives a luncheon on Monday.

Prof. Clark of Trinity College has this week been giving a series of Lenten lectures on The Christian Graces in St. Simon's church.

Mrs. L. McFarlane has bidden some of her many friends to afternoon tea on Wednesday next.

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson and family sail for Europe next week. Mrs. Thompson's friends will lack their delightful reunions at Derwent Lodge, and her inner circle of friends will miss her sadly from their society.

Hon. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson will be at Home to Toronto's fairest and bravest on Thursday evening next. Their party and the fancy ball, the following evening, open the post Lenten season brilliantly.

The Owls came out in all the glory of dainty silver club badges last Saturday night. His silver owlship is as cute as he can be. Mrs. Beard and Mrs. A. E. Denison were the hostesses on this occasion.

One who was there sends me the following

Grand Opera House

EASTER WEEK.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
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COMPANY OF 60 PEOPLE.
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account of a farewell supper : "On Saturday evening last Mr. F. D. Anderson of the Bank of Montreal invited about fifteen young men to attend a farewell supper at his rooms in honor of Mr. Charlie Pardo, who has been ordered to the Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Montreal. About nine o'clock we all sat down to whist and enjoyed several rubbers at that intellectual game after which came music. Supper was then announced and we all adjourned to the dining-room where a splendid repast awaited us. After justice had been done to the "spread" the different toasts were proposed, the toast of the guest of the evening being most heartily received with cheers and the singing of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Then speeches and stories were the order for the rest of the evening. About thirty young fellows were at the G. T. R. station to wish Charlie a safe and pleasant journey, and as the train pulled out we gave three ringing cheers and a tiger for the popular young gentleman whom we hope will soon find a warm place in the hearts of the Winnipeggers."

Miss Effie Newton, Abbot College, Devon, England, is staying with Mrs. H. C. Houghton of Lansdowne avenue.

GRAND EVENING CONCERT

IN
ASSOCIATION HALL, YONGE STREET

Thursday, April 9, 1891

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Frank Mackelton, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, Miss Irene Gurney, Miss Louise Gordon, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison and Misses Lillian Littlehales, Kate Archer and Lina Adamson.

The piano to be used on this occasion will be a Knabe Grand, from Messrs. Goulay, Leeming & Winter. Tickets can be obtained from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, 1, Suckling & Sons, Goulay, Leeming & Winter, Whalley & Royce and Thos. Claxton.

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NOTE---No great Dry Goods sale for years past has caused such a sensation among the ladies of Toronto, and our great regret is that many went away on Thursday on account of our help being insufficient. We have now engaged a large staff for this special sale, and hope to be able to wait upon all who kindly favor us with a call. THE BON MARCHE, 7 & 9 King St. East

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Which with 7.8th border makes the carpet 14 ft. 3 in wide, and can be made any length. It is practically in one piece, showing no lumpy seams. Solid colors in New Blue, Terra Cotta and Gold.

Patent and Royal Axminsters, Wiltons and Velvets

Our stock in these goods is so well known that it is needless to say much, except that we have excelled ourselves. We have had 4-4 stairs made to match hall carpets.

Brussels Carpets

We find it difficult, owing to the immense quantity coming in, to place the goods in stock, so in order to make room we have REDUCED ALL PATTERNS OF WHICH WE HAVE ONLY TWO PIECES AND UNDER TO \$1 AND \$1.10 cash. Some of these are extra quality at \$1.35 per yard.

Tapestry Carpets

Have just opened a job lot of best 10-wire and second quality, which we sell at 45c., 52c., 57c. and 70c. net cash---a great bargain.

Kidderminster or Wool Carpets

Are being used more and more every year. The quality is better than before, and patterns equal to Brussels. We keep only English manufacture; best quality made, \$1 cash.

Oriental Rugs

These will arrive soon, and comprise a choice assortment of ANTIQUE DAGHESTAN, KEZAC AND AFGHANS, purchased for us at a very low figure in the foreign markets. There will also be found in the rug room the new BYZANTINE rug, of a quality between a Kensington and a Smyrna, in sizes from a small door mat to a rug 12 x 15 feet. An immense variety of hearth rugs to suit all carpets.

Sole Agent for Toronto of Nairn's Linoleums and Oilcloths

Best goods manufactured in the world. Also STAINES' INLAID LINOLEUM, something new, of great durability and almost impossible to wear it out. Width of oilcloths up to 24 feet and linoleums to 12 feet.

Cork Carpet

Best quality, in plain and figured goods.

Church Carpets

Having supplied the greater number of new and old churches in Ontario, we are compelled to carry a very large stock, and now have from 500 to 3,500 yards of a pattern in Wool, Tapestry and Brussels.

The Aurora Sweeper

Over 2,500 in use in this city.

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Great Variety of Designs and Styles

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Dixey's Seven Ages.

The organization which is to be at the Grand Opera House next week has many things to recommend it. The reputation which Mr. Dixey has won for creditable burlesque performances has been long since established. Everyone remembers his merry Adonis, and the sensation it created during its phenomenal run. The Seven Ages, which will be seen here next week for the first time, has now been on the boards for two seasons, and general comment implies that it is a vast improvement on its famous predecessor. Unlike the conventional burlesque, Mr. Dixey's productions are free from all that broadness which has unfortunately linked itself to this department of the drama. His latest effort, the Seven Ages, has earned the unqualified approval of the popular critics. Although built on burlesque lines it can hardly be termed a burlesque as a whole. The idea of the Seven Ages of Man, as described by the immortal bard, is followed as closely as the license of comedy will allow. Hence there is a delightful mixture of burlesque, spectacle, satire and very genuine and sometimes pathetic comedy. The company is a large one, and everything will be done to make the production perfect in every detail.

A Musical Lecture

Mr. W. O. Forsyth gave his tenth lecture to the students of the College of Music, Monday morning last, on the great instrumental art form, The Sonata. This was a rare treat for the students, as Mr. Forsyth played several movements, analyzing them thoroughly, and showing the class the structure, the principal themes and motives, how elaborated and developed, and the proper way of hearing a sonata, quartette or symphony, in mentally grasping the leading motives or themes, and following them through their various transformations.

Books and Magazines.

The leading article in the March *Belford's* is one by ex-president Grover Cleveland, entitled, The Campaign of Education. The First Vigilance Committee in San Francisco by One of them, as well as a chatty article on Beau Brummel will also commend themselves to most readers. Political questions are treated of, and the lovers of fiction are provided for. Several pretty poems are included in the number among which, one entitled, March Waking, by Miss Elizabeth Roberts, sister of Prof. C. G. D. Roberts is especially interesting to Canadian readers. Editorial notes and book notices close a most interesting programme.

Scribner's for April is not an especially interesting number. The leading article is on Ocean Passenger Travel, and by John H. Gould. The American artist, Birge Harrison, writes a description of A Kangaroo Hunt, illustrated



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

THE millinery openings of this store are to womankind one of the important events of the year. They may know of millinery being sold here and there, but they do not learn fashion's bearings until this store comes to the front with its well planned season's opening.

Our Spring millinery is now ready for your inspection.

Flowers will be extensively used and they certainly simulate nature more closely than ever before. Gold and silver are seen upon every hat and toque, and the enhanced effect is quite charming. Ribbons, galloons, laces, braids and full set pieces are produced in gold and silver. In flowers pinks promise to be good, many shades being shown. Yellows will be used with black and also with gold. In straws ecru and grey stand first in public favor.

As to shapes and styles "Long-champs," "Cinderella," "Borachia," "Chasse" and "Ilma" can be named as holding a first position.

Examine our Mantles as you come out of the Millinery room. The best of the world's markets furnish are here.

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by himself. Rollo Ogden has a critical article on the Spanish poet, De Arce, with portrait; and A. J. Mountney Jephson tells of The Relief of Captain Nelson. In connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Poems by Archibald Lampman and Graham R. Tomson, a translation of Horace's Ode XXI, with engraving complete the poetry. Fiction lovers are ministered to with a short story entitled The Phenix, and the serial Jerry, which, by the way, will be concluded in the May number. The Point of View is up to its usual high standard, and Mr. Frost is mirth-provoking as ever in his humorous sketches.

The April *Cosmopolitan* is a splendid number. The illustrations, throughout, are beautiful and plentiful. Frederic Villiers continues The Story of My Life. An article on Melanconier, entitled The Master of Genre, gives a good critical estimate of his work, with engravings of ten or more of his famous pictures. There is a fine article by Miss Elizabeth Bland on dancing, The Eldest of Aris, The prize which the *Cosmopolitan* offered for the best short essay "descriptive of farm life, with suggestions as to ways of making it attractive and happy," was won by Miss Jennie E. Hooker of Indiana and her essay is included in the present number, as also an article on the Farmers' Alliance by W. A. Peffer, the newly-elected senator for Kansas. There is one short story and several poems. Murat Halstead writes on Bismarck and Sherman, and Brander Matthews reviews Certain Recent Novels by American Women.

Very Explicit.

"Shall I shovel off the sidewalk, ma'am?" inquired the boy with the snow-shovel.
"No; I may need the sidewalk again," replied the good woman, who happened to be a Vassar graduate, "you may remove the snow, however."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A Necessary Preliminary.

Mrs. Goodly—What an indispensable institution matrimony is!
Mr. Chicago—Yes, indeed! Why, one couldn't get a divorce unless one was married first, you know.—*Munsey's*.

DENTISTRY.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BROWN—At Toronto, on March 22, Mrs. Charles J. Brown—a son.
LEE—At Toronto, on March 17, Mrs. J. W. Lee—a daughter.
McLEAN—At Toronto, on March 23, Mrs. Archibald D. McLean—a son.
JACKSON—At Clinton, on March 21, Mrs. J. S. Jackson—a daughter.
MOORE—At Imlington, on March 16, Mrs. Arthur W. B. Moore—a son.
WEBSTER—At Toronto, on March 21, Mrs. A. F. Webster—a son.

Marriages.

JACOBS-FOX—At King City, on March 19, Albert Jacobs of Toronto to Frances Uretha Fox.
YATE-LINDSAY—At Ingersoll, on April 10, the Rev. Ernest S. Yate of Forest, Ont., to Louisa Lindsay.
SNOWDEN-ALLIN—At Toronto, on March 23, Samuel Snowden to Minnie Allin, all of Darlington.

Deaths.

DAVISON—At Barrie, on March 21, Catherine V. C. Davison, aged 55 years.
MACDOUGALL—At Toronto, on March 22, infant son of the late William MacDougall of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 1 year.
PATERSON—At Montreal, on March 30, Mrs. John A. Paterson.
TIDEY—At Toronto, James Tidey, aged 61 years.
HARRISON—At Belkirk, on March 18, Mrs. Amelia Tipton Harrison, aged 91 years.



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CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' Coats and Wraps in all the new shapes and colors, very cheap.
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OSBORNE—At Parkersville, Ont., on March 2, Thomas H. C. Osborne, aged 54 years.
CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on March 22, Mrs. James B. Campbell.
ANDERSON—At Kells, Nipissing District, on March 21, Thomas Anderson.
MURRAY—At Stayner, on March 19, Mrs. Isabella Murray, aged 71 years.
ROSS—At Chicago, on March 22, Mrs. Ross.
JACKSON—At Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Mrs. A. Jackson, aged 34 years.
MERLEY—At Morrisburg, on March 19, James J. Merley, aged 67 years.

Fathers - - and - - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

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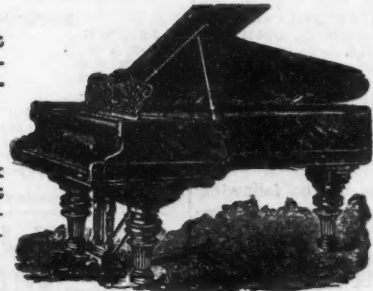
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One Side of the Wife's Duties.

Husbands in general are not unselfish, though they may think themselves kind and generous. A man does not often consider what his wife's existence is, in what proportion her work and pleasures lie, or what she gives in return for what she receives. Absorbed in their own ambitions, business cares or pleasures, how many men ask themselves what sort of life their wife leads, whether she has strength enough for herself and the children she rears, hope enough to make life cheery, chances enough for development, share enough in the general ambition and success of the family as a whole!

We do not want to see women attempting to seize a mastery, or growing quarrelsome about imaginary rights, but we do want them to see that the unselfishness which seems a virtue is practically the abandonment of their position. To claim the full rights and privileges of thinking, self-respecting, free human souls is to undermine a thousand wrongs and humiliations, to render themselves the more beloved for their apparent audacity, and to, at the same time, secure the best conditions for their children.

Women must learn that if they bear wrongs other women must bear the same; if they do not claim personal respect, neither can their sisters. If they are weak or oppressed, how can their children be strong or noble? This habitual self-effacement leads to all manner of weakness. A woman will tell lies to shield her husband, or perhaps to shield her own pride. If she is pinched, or bruised, or injured, if things are broken in a fit of temper, she will swear it was not he, it was the result of accident purely. If he insults her by boasting of his connection with other women, she does not

resent it; if he squanders the money, she works the later and the harder to replace it; if he drinks, she hides the fact and shelters him with lies, and bears him dipsomaniac children. In time she does not own her own body or mind, and her only morality is to be faithful to the marriage contract.

The long suffering, patient, enduring temper of women under hardship only leads to hardship's continuance. They should have more trust in their own intuition of right, think more of their own lives and destiny, and of the lives they bequeath to the race. For it is often easier to endure than to act, and the true unselfishness is to be selfish for the good of others. They must think more of self, if self is to have more dignity and more worth; they must gain for themselves more liberty and more respect, that the children and the race may be stronger and nobler, inheriting less of passion and of vice, less of the weak and tired-out household drudge, more physical and intellectual strength, more mental and moral cleanliness. If women thus aim at the enhancement of their own individualism, there will be no need to change the method of marriage relationships; and in time, by women's efforts to restore their side of the balance in the marriage scales, we may find married women a better treated class than those who are bound by no legal bond.

To be Found Out.

Professor Bohn—Do you know I like to study young women.
Miss Sharpe—And have you studied me out? Professor—Not quite yet; but I shall find you out very soon.
Miss Sharpe—Yes, I think you will the next time you call.—*Harper's Bazar*.